SHAKESPEARE'S
HERO WOMEN
AND
OTHER ESSAYS

DEIGHTON

Irene Bradley.
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THE WINTER'S TALE.

The Winter's Tale

BY

William Shakespeare

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

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INTRODUCTION.

The Winter's Tale appears to have first seen public light in the spring of 1611; and the internal evidence from style and thought shows, even if no external evidence were forthcoming, that it must have been one of Shakespeare's latest plays, written not merely when his wisdom of life and his power over language were most complete, but when, after all his struggles, inward and outward, he had reached that perfection of peace which his latest plays so delightfully reflect.

The date of publication; and the period in Shakespeare's life.

For the materials of his plot, Shakespeare has, as frequently, been content to take a well known novel of the time, in the present instance, that of *Pandosto*, or *Dorastus and Fawnia*, by Robert Greene; but though closely following the story in its main incidents, more especially in the earlier portions, he has introduced characters (Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus) which have no antitypes in the novel, and by his spiritual treatment of the subject has made it as much his own as if he had drawn upon his invention for the whole story.

The source.

Before entering upon a consideration of the more noticeable points in the play, it may be interesting to refer briefly to some of the earlier criticisms that have come down to us. These are, to say the least, amusing

Opinions of the earlier critics.

Johnson and Warburton.

in the stress laid by them upon minor blemishes. Johnson, it is true, is good enough to say that the play is, "with all its absurdities, very entertaining." Warburton, also, is eulogistic in spite of "the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it." We need not perhaps wonder at these prosaic commentators making so much of so little, but it causes considerable surprise that even greater censure should be dealt out by such poets as Dryden and Pope. In his essay at the end of the Second Part of the *Conquest of Granada*, the former, referring to Shakespeare and Fletcher, laments "the lameness of their plots, many of which . . . were made up of some ridiculous incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age. I suppose I need not name *Pericles*, *Prince of Tyre*, nor the historical plays of Shakespeare, besides many of the rest, as *The Winter's Tale*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Measure for Measure*, which were either grounded on improbabilities, or at least so meanly written, that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment." By Pope, himself an editor of Shakespeare, it is even conjectured that in *The Winter's Tale*, as in the case of other plays, "only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand." The enormities which aroused such contemptuous criticism are of two kinds. One is the violation of the unities of time and place; the other consists in anachronisms and geographical blunders, such as those of giving Bohemia a sea-shore and making Delphi an island, blunders in which, as in the violation of the unities, Shakespeare merely followed Greene. As to Shakespeare's disregard of the unities, Gervinus is of opinion

Dryden.

Pope.

Violation of the unities: Gervinus' hypothesis.

that "in the free handling of the tale, as is distinctly intimated in the prologue to the fourth act," Shakespeare "wished purposely to brave the narrow-minded upholders" of these shibboleths; while in the *Tempest*, which he elaborated contemporaneously, as if to prove once for all that the unities were no difficulty to him, he "observed" them "with even greater strictness than they are preserved in the classic tragedies." Further, it being impossible, in the case of the *Winter's Tale*, "to impart an intrinsic value to the subject as a whole, to bring a double action into unity, and to give to the play the character of a regular drama by mere arrangements of matter and alteration of motive," Shakespeare, in Gervinus' belief, "began upon his theme in quite an opposite direction. He increased still more the marvellous and miraculous in the given subject, he disregarded more and more the requirements of the real and probable, and treated time, place, and circumstances with the utmost arbitrariness. He added the character of Antigonus and his death by the bear, Paulina and her second marriage in old age, the pretended death and the long forbearance and preservation of Hermione, Autolycus and his cunning tricks, and he increased thereby the improbable circumstances and strange incidents. He overleaped all limits, mixing up together Russian Emperors and the Delphic oracle and Julio Romano, chivalry and heathendom, ancient forms of religion and Whitsuntide pastorals." . . . "Three times in the play," adds Gervinus, "and once for all in the title, he dwelt as emphatically as possible on the fictitious character of the play, which is wholly formed on the incredible and improbable.". . . That Shakespeare

That hypothesis considered.

recognized the difficulty as to the unities is of course evident; that he intended to show his contempt for these canons, is quite probable; but I am much inclined to doubt whether in the case of anachronisms and geographical blunders he ever troubled himself as to their propriety or want of propriety. It is dangerous, I admit, to deny that Shakespeare may have had this or that purpose in his mind; but there is also, I think, a danger in ascribing to him subtleties of intention in regard to matters which to us smaller men may seem to ask for explanation. Shakespeare's eminence as a play-wright no one will deny; he knew, none better, what was necessary to the success of a drama with the public. Still, it seems open to question whether while at work he was so consciously intent upon the mechanism of his art as to keep before him the necessity of forestalling criticism on minute points. Rather, I believe, accepting the conditions of the romantic atmosphere in which the story had its being, he joyously allowed himself a liberty of action which to restricted criticism may appear to border upon license. In the vital points of characterization and dramatic fitness there would of course be with him no carelessness or disregard; and I am here only attempting to show that while the objections of the earlier critics were strained and foolish, the answers made to them perhaps involve subtleties of explanation more ingenious than convincing.

Horace Walpole's theory.

One other critic of the earlier school needs a few words. Horace Walpole, in his *Historic Doubts*, classes *The Winter's Tale* among Shakespeare's historical plays, as, in fact, a second part of *Henry the Eighth*. "It was certainly," he writes, "intended (in compliment to Queen Elizabeth)

as an indirect apology for her mother, Anne Boleyn." . . . The unreasonable "jealousy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in consequence, form a true portrait of Henry the Eighth, who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions." Hermione's words in the trial scene,

> "For honour,
> 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
> And only that I stand for,"

appear to Walpole "to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the King before her execution, where she pleads for the infant Princess, his daughter. Mamillius, the young Prince, an unnecessary character [why unnecessary?], dies in his infancy; but it confirms the allusion, as Queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a still-born son. But the most striking passage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy [surely it had a good deal "to do in the tragedy"] but as it pictured Elizabeth, is, where Paulina, describing the new-born Princess, and her likeness to her father, says: '*She has the very trick of his frown.*' . . ." To all which it is sufficient to answer, with Singer, "that the plot of the play is not the invention of Shakespeare, who therefore cannot be charged with this piece of flattery; if it was intended, it must be attributed to Greene, whose novel was published in 1588."

The general spirit of the play: Dowden.

In regard to the general spirit of *The Winter's Tale*, no criticism with which I am acquainted sums it up so well as Professor Dowden's words when, in reference to the plays of Shakespeare's final period, he speaks of their "pathetic yet august serenity." Of the same group he further remarks that in each of them "while grievous errors of the heart are shown to us, and wrongs of man

as cruel as those of the great tragedies, at the end there is a resolution of the dissonance, a reconciliation. This is the word which interprets Shakespeare's latest plays —reconciliation, 'word over all, beautiful as the sky.' It is not, as in the earlier comedies—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *As You Like it*, and others—a mere *dénouement*. The resolution of the discords in these latest plays is not a mere stage necessity, or a necessity of composition, resorted to by the dramatist to effect an ending of his play, and little interesting his imagination or his heart. Its significance here is ethical and spiritual; it is a moral necessity." And again: "Over the beauty of youth and the love of youth, there is shed, in these plays of Shakespeare's final period, a clear yet tender luminousness, not elsewhere to be perceived in his writings. In his earlier plays, Shakespeare writes concerning young men and maidens, their loves, their mirth, their griefs, as one who is among them, who has a lively, personal interest in their concerns, who can make merry with them, treat them familiarly, and, if need be, can mock them into good sense. There is nothing in these early plays wonderful, strangely beautiful, pathetic about youth and its joys and sorrows. In the histories and tragedies, as was to be expected, more massive, broader, or more profound objects of interest engaged the poet's imagination. But in these latest plays, the beautiful pathetic light is always present. There are the sufferers, aged, experienced, tried—Queen Katherine, Prospero, Hermione. And over against these there are the children absorbed in their happy and exquisite egoism,—Perdita and Miranda, Florizel and Ferdinand, and the boys of old Belarius."

Greene's novel, so far from resembling Helena's description of herself and Hermia,

> "Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
> But yet an union in partition,"

is in reality two stories lightly linked together by the circumstance that the same persons play a part in both. The former of the two stories, that of Leontes' jealousy and his vengeance upon Hermione, occupies the three first acts; the latter story, dealing with the loves of Perdita and Florizel, and the reconciliation of Hermione and Leontes born of those loves, completes the play. Gervinus very aptly speaks of the "wasp-like body of Greene's story," and remarks, "while Shakespeare has at other times permitted in his dramas the existence of a two-fold action, connected by a common idea, it was not necessary, in the instance before us, to sever the wasp-like body of Greene's story, nor could he have entirely concentrated the two actions; he could but connect them indistinctly by a leading idea in both, although the manner in which he has outwardly connected them is a delicate and spirited piece of art, uniting, as he has done, tragedy and comedy, making the one elevate the other, and thus enriching the stage with a tragi-comic pastoral, a combination wholly unknown even to the good Polonius." * The curtain rises upon the Court of Leontes, King of Sicily, which his friend Polixenes, King of Bohemia, is preparing to leave, after having paid a visit of nine months' length. Failing to persuade him to stay longer, Leontes urges his Queen to see whether her influence with their guest may not be more powerful

Construction of the play.

* See *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 415-19.

than his own. Hermione, obeying, succeeds. Hereupon Leontes gives way to an outburst of passionate jealousy during which he communicates to his old servant, Camillo, his certain assurance of his wife's disloyalty, and after much importunity obtains from him a promise to poison Polixenes. The promise is, however, given merely in order that time may be gained to facilitate the escape of Polixenes, in company with whom Camillo determines to flee from his master's wrath. Foiled in this point, Leontes can only wreak his vengeance upon his wife, whom he consigns to prison, pending her trial for adultery and conspiracy, Meanwhile ambassadors are despatched to Delphos to procure the response of the Oracle as to Hermione's guilt or innocence. On their return, the trial proceeds, Hermione defends herself with a noble eloquence, and the response, being read out, declares her entire innocence, brands Leontes as a tyrant, and foretells the consequences of his cruelty. But not even this is able to shake Leontes' confidence in his own penetration. Or, if he is at all shaken, the vindictive feelings he has been hugging to his heart will not allow him to confess his error:—

> "There is no truth at all i' the oracle;
> The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood,"

is his answer to the rejoicings of the lords. The words are scarce spoken when news is brought of Mamillius' sudden death. Leontes quails before this evident token of heaven's wrath; and his tenderness towards Hermione returns as she goes off into a swoon. But a greater blow is to follow. In a few minutes Paulina, who had accompanied Hermione when borne out of the court of

justice, re-enters with the tidings of her death, and heaps the bitterest reproaches upon the now deeply-penitent King. The Queen, of course, had not really died; but the moment had come for putting into execution the stratagem, which we may suppose to have been already planned, whereby she is to be concealed from the King's knowledge until such time as his repentance and expiation should seem to be adequate to the enormity of his crime. The act closes with a scene in which Antigonus, with the infant Perdita, lands on the coast of Bohemia, he, on condition of her life being spared, having consented to the King's terms

> "That thou bear it
> To some remote and desert place quite out
> Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,
> Without more mercy, to its own protection
> And favour of the climate."

Antigonus' literal discharge of the King's command has hardly been performed when he is pursued and torn to pieces by a bear. His death is followed by the entrance of a shepherd who discovers Perdita, and carries her home to his cottage to be brought up as his own child.

Hermione's behaviour during the first half of the play.

We have now gone far enough in the story to take a retrospect of Hermione's bearing as seen in the matter which caused Leontes' outburst of jealousy, and her subsequent bearing when accused of, and brought to trial for, an offence of which she knew herself so clear. In reality, and to any one not predisposed, whether by temperament or by imagined evidence, to suspicions wholly unjust, her behaviour towards Polixenes is nothing more than that of a pure-minded woman, who, enjoying to the full the friendship of a high-souled and

altogether admirable man, is also persuaded that the greater her kindness to her guest, the better will she please a husband between whom and herself there had been mutual love and trust throughout a long course of years. Conscious of her complete loyalty, she is less afraid to be outspoken in her intercourse with one of the opposite sex than would have been the case were there any coquetry in her nature. Hence her playful persistency in the friendly passage at arms with Polixenes, hence the undisguised marks of intimacy shown towards him when, he having yielded to her persuasion, they converse together in Leontes' presence, and are seen by him as they retire to the garden. It should, I think, be here noted, in regard to the courtesies which pass between them, that in Shakespeare's day,—and of course the manners here portrayed are those of that day,—the fashions in vogue admitted in some respects of a more demonstrative familiarity of outward behaviour than would accord with the reserved decorum of modern life. This we must bear in mind when considering Leontes' comments on the behaviour of Hermione and Polixenes; for, omitting those instances which had their existence in Leontes' imagination only, the familiarities which they make no attempt to conceal, and which he so painfully misconstrues, are such as under the social code of the present day would be rightly taken to mean something more than mere friendship. So unconscious, however, is Hermione of anything like immodesty, that up to the moment when she tells Leontes that he will find them together in the garden, neither she nor Polixenes is in the least aware that their behaviour had given rise to the faintest suspicion in his mind. It is

therefore with something more than surprise, with an absolute incredulity, that she receives the first manifestation of her husband's jealousy. "What is this? Sport?" she says in answer to his words,

> "Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him:
> Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
> Have too much blood in him."

Leontes then proceeds to speak without any ambiguity of charge, telling her that she is with child by Polixenes. Even this plain accusation is treated as something that cannot be really, seriously, maintained by him: it would be enough, she says, for her to deny the imputation, and he would believe her, whatever his inclination to doubt. Further scorn heaped upon her only provokes the calmly indignant reply that Leontes does "but mistake." And when at last, pouring out all his abundance of vituperation, he orders her to prison, her theme is the grief that he will feel when he comes to a just knowledge of the wrong he has done her, and the patience that it behoves her to show under circumstances so untoward that she can only believe "there's some ill planet reigns," some supernatural influence which has distraught her once loving and tender husband. Hurried off to prison, she bears herself with that dignity which under all changes of fortune is so peculiarly characteristic of her, though her grief is at the same time so terrible as to cause her to be delivered of a child "something before her time." Then, when still scarcely in a condition to go about, even if surrounded with all the comforts and attentions to which she had been used, she is summoned before a court of justice to be tried for her life "'fore who please to come and hear," and to be treated by her husband in terms of

shameless brutality. In answer to her arraignment, though well aware that denial of her guilt is not likely to avail her much, she touchingly asserts her continence and chastity during her past life, appealing to the divine powers in support of her asseveration, and even to that husband from whose vindictive unreason she is suffering so keenly. Life and honour are at stake with her; for the former she cares nothing, now that her husband's love has forsaken her; for the latter, more especially that her children must be partakers in the result of the trial, she will fight with such weapons as are in her hands. She asks, therefore, whether before Polixenes' visit she had ever been guilty of aught that should invite suspicion; she points out that to him she had shown only such love as became a lady like herself, only such love as Leontes himself had enjoined her to show; she denies all knowledge of any conspiracy between Polixenes and Camillo; she bewails the loss of her children, her boy from whose presence she is "barr'd, like one infectious," her new-born girl, from her breast "haled out to murder"; she refers to the indignities to which she has been subjected; and closes her defence by reiterating her indifference to life while yet so careful of her honour, and by invoking the oracle to protect her against condemnation upon mere surmise, against a judgment which shall be "rigour and not law."

The jealousy of Leontes.

The jealousy of Leontes has been contrasted with that of Othello; and the points are many in which the character of the passion exhibited differs radically in the two men. In the case of Othello, the first suspicions are prompted by another, and fortified with a fiendish ingenuity of suggestion and circumstantial evidence

sufficient to convince almost any husband, more especially a husband so diffident as was Othello of his power to please a woman. In the case of Leontes, the suspicious circumstances are wholly of his own creation; and the only person (Camillo) whom he takes into his confidence when he first openly gives way to his passion, uses every possible argument to convince him that he is the subject of a thoroughly baseless and unworthy delusion. Secondly, the jealousy of Othello is pathetic, tender, as far as possible impersonal, and carrying with it "confusion and despair at the loss of what had been to him the fairest thing on earth" (Dowden). The jealousy of Leontes is hard, vindictive, eminently selfish, and unaccompanied by any reluctance as to the course he is about to pursue, There are other circumstances in which this contrast might be developed; and it will, I think, be worth while to notice at some length one point which does not seem to have received from the critics such investigation as it deserves. I refer to the birth and growth of the passion in Leontes' mind. By general consent that passion appears to be regarded as something sudden, almost instantaneous,—the outcome of a single incident. Thus Gervinus remarks, "The idea of his wife's faithlessness arises in Leontes from the quick result of her entreaty to Polixenes to prolong his stay a little. . . . This actually is the whole ground for Leontes' jealousy." According to Dowden, "Hermione is suspected of a sudden, and shameless dishonour." . . . Hudson, who discusses the point more at length, writes:—"In the delineation of Leontes there is an abruptness of change which strikes us, at first view, as not a little a-clash with nature, . . . his jealousy

The birth and growth of Leontes' jealousy: views of the critics.

Gervinus.

Dowden.

Hudson.

shoots in comet-like, as something unprovided for in the general ordering of his character, which causes this feature to appear as if it were suggested rather by the exigencies of the stage than by the natural workings of human passion. And herein the poet seems at variance with himself; his usual method being to unfold a passion in its rise and progress, so that we go along with it freely from its origin to its consummation. And certainly there is no accounting for Leontes' conduct, but by supposing a predisposition to jealousy in him, which, however, has been hitherto kept latent by his wife's clear, firm serene discreetness, but which breaks out into sudden and frightful activity as soon as she, under a special pressure of motives, slightly over-acts the confidence of friendship." Hudson, it is true, notices in Shakespeare's defence that he "had a course of action marked out for him in the tale." "But then," he continues, "he was bound by his own principles of art to make the character such as would rationally support the action, and cohere with it." He also notices the fact of the prolonged intimacy between Hermione and Polixenes, and refers to "the secret thoughts which may have been gathering to a head in the mind of Leontes during that period." . . . Still, however reluctantly, this critic seems to accept the idea that Leontes' jealousy was a sudden and almost unaccountable birth. Such suddenness, if established, of course enhances the madness of the consequent action. But is it established? I venture to doubt this. In the novel at all events, Leontes' doubts are gradual and of considerable duration. After detailing the hearty welcome with which Egistus (Polixenes) was received at the court of Pandosto (Leontes), Greene goes on, "Bellaria (Hermione) willing

Greene's account of Pandosto's (Leontes') suspicions.

to show how unfaynedly shee looved her husband by his friends intertainement, used him likewise so familiarly that her countenance bewraied how her minde was affected towardes him, oftentimes comming her selfe into his bed chamber to see that nothing should be amis to mislike him. This honest familiarity increased daily more and more betwixt them; for Bellaria, noting in Egistus a princely and bountifull minde, adorned with sundrie and excellent qualities, and Egistus, finding in her a vertuous and curteous disposition, there grew such a secret uniting of their affections, that the one could not well be without the company of the other; in so much, that when Pandosto was busied with such urgent affairs that he could not bee present with his friend Egistus, Bellaria would walke with him into the garden, where they two in privat and pleasant devises would passe away their time to both their contents. This custome still continuing betwixt them, a certaine melancholy passion entring the minde of Pandosto drave him into sundry and doubtfull thoughts. First, he called to minde the beauty of his wife Bellaria, the comliness and braverie of his friend Egistus, thinking that love was above all lawes and therefore to be staied with no law; that it was hard to put fire and flaxe together without burning; that their open pleasures might breede his secrete displeasures. He considered with himself that Egistus was a man and must needes love, that his wife was a woman and therefore subject unto love, and that where fancy forced, friendship was of no force."

"These and such like doubtfull thoughtes, *a long time smoothering in his stomache*, beganne at last to kindle in his minde a secret mistrust, which, increased by suspition,

grewe at last to a flaming jealousie that so tormented him as he could take no rest. He then began to measure all their actions, and to misconstrue of their too private familiaritie, judging that it was not for honest affection, but for disordinate fancy, so that hee began to watch them more narrowely to see if he coulde gette any true or certaine proofe to confirme his doubtfull suspition. While thus he noted their lookes and gestures and suspected their thoughtes and meaninges, they twoo seely soules, who doubted nothing of this his treacherous intent, frequented daily eache others companie, which drave him into such a franticke passion, that he beganne to beare a secret hate to Egistus and a lowring countenance to Bellaria; who marveiling at such unaccustomed frowns, began to cast beeyonde the moone, and to enter into a thousand sundrie thoughtes, which way she shoulde offend her husband: but finding in herselfe a clear conscience ceassed to muse, until such time as she might find fit opportunitie to demaund the cause of his dumps. In the meane time Pandostoes mind was so farre charged with jealousy, that he did no longer doubt, but was assured, (as he thought) that his friend Egistus had entered a wrong pointe in his tables, and so had played him false play; whereupon, desirous to revenge so great an injury, he thought best to dissemble the grudge with a faire and friendly countenance, and so under the shape of a friend to shew him the kicke of a foe." . . .

The birth and growth of Leontes' jealousy as seen in the play.

From this it is plain that in the novel there was no suddenness of jealousy on the king's part. Has Shakespeare, then, in Leontes' jealousy given us a picture of what is unnatural, almost monstrous? In the first place, I think that his familiarity with the novel may perhaps

have unconsciously led him to treat that which was so well known to himself as if it were equally well known to those for whom he was writing; and, the interest of the story beginning at the moment when Leontes' jealousy first openly manifests itself, he may not have thought it necessary to show in any detailed manner what the stages of that jealousy had been. He could not have failed to note the minuteness of description with which Greene records the progress of the passion in Leontes' mind; nor are we in this matter without echoes in the play of the language of the novel. For instance, when Leontes says,

> "I am angling now,
> Though you perceive me not how I give line,"

we have but a dramatic version of the narrative, "hee began to watch them more narrowely to see if he coulde gette any true or certaine proofe to confirme his doubtfull suspition"; just as Camillo's words of advice, after promising to poison Polixenes,

> "Go then; and with a countenance as clear
> As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,"

and Leontes' answer,

> "I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised,"

are but the equivalent of the concluding sentence in the extract above, "whereupon, desirous to revenge so great an injury, he thought best to dissemble the grudge with a faire and friendly countenance, and so under the shape of a friend to shew him the kicke of a foe"; while Hermione's remark of surprise,

> "You look
> As if you held a brow of much distraction,"

is paralleled by the "lowring countenance" and "unaccustomed frowns" of the novel. If, as Hudson apologetically remarks, "Shakespeare had a course of action marked out for him in the tale," we may *a priori* suppose that he would be likely to follow it so far as it accorded with nature; and in a matter of this kind, however it might be in others, he could have nothing to gain by increasing the improbabilities of the plot. But, further, I hold that in the play itself we have plain indications that the growth of Leontes' passion had been a gradual one. These indications are, no doubt, retrospective, but none the less clear for that. Consider, first, Leontes' speech to Camillo in the second scene of the first act:—

> "To bide upon 't, thou art not honest, or,
> If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,
> Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
> From course required; or else thou must be counted
> A servant grafted in my serious trust
> And therein negligent; or else a fool
> *That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,*
> *And takest it all for jest.*"

Surely, this is the language not of a man who has on a sudden discovered or doubted his wife's loyalty, but of one who has long doubted, and who, for that reason, cannot understand that what has seemed so full of suspicion to him, should not have been equally suspicious to others also. His next speech is even more decisively contemptuous of those who have been blind to things staring himself so fully in the face:—

> "Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—
> *But that's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass*
> *Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or heard,—*
> *For, to a vision so apparent, rumour*

Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight:"

that is, in plain language, you must have constantly seen, as I have, their questionable familiarities; you must have constantly heard that talked about which was so evident to everybody in the court; you must have constantly ruminated over a subject which cannot but have entered into the mind of anyone capable of thinking at all. And when Camillo still upholds the honour of his mistress and rebukes the unjustifiable suspicions to which he has been made to listen, Leontes bursts forth with a narration of overt acts which from time to time have come before his eyes:—

"Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughing with a sigh?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty—horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that's in 't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing."

Some of the familiarities here mentioned are such as Leontes observed immediately after Polixenes had yielded

to Hermione's entreaty to stay; but there are others of them that cannot but refer to an earlier experience, and to passages in their intercourse of considerable duration. In fact, Leontes' words indicate more than anything else a long-continued watchfulness that makes him alert to misconstrue any courtesies, however innocent, and alert also to imagine familiarities which he could not have seen. Lastly, when Camillo refuses to poison Polixenes because he cannot be brought to "believe this crack to be in" his "dread mistress," Leontes fiercely turns upon him with the question whether any man, and he himself of all men, would be fool enough to cherish a maddening conviction unless he had good and sufficient proof of that which caused him such torture:—

> "*Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,*
> *To appoint myself in this vexation,* sully
> The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
> Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
> Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,
> Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
> Who I do think is mine and love as mine,
> *Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?*
> *Could man so blench?*"

Are these the arguments of one who on the spur of the moment would jump to the condemnation of his wife, more especially such a wife as Hermione, and a wife for all these years acknowledged by him to be what we know Hermione was? Do they not rather indicate a long brooding of jealousy, a thorough consciousness of the terrible step he is taking, a conviction that the evidence which had been accumulating for months is by this latest proof of Hermione's influence over Polixenes now made irrefragable? It is no answer

to say that his jealousy was baseless and unreasoning. The demon having once been allowed entrance into his bosom, constant communing with it would only confirm and exaggerate suspicions which, if sudden, would probably have yielded to Camillo's arguments. When dwelt upon,

> "Trifles light as air
> Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong
> As proofs of holy writ;"

and in the blind perversity and obstinate tenacity of belief shown by one hitherto so free from anything like distrust, it seems to me that we must rather recognize his inability any longer to control the fierce current which had for some time past been threatening to carry him away.

The second half of the play.

We now come to the second part of the story which occupies the two last acts. Sixteen years having elapsed since the trial of Hermione, Time, with a passing reference to what has happened in the interval, comes forward as Chorus to apologize for the demand made upon the spectators' imagination, and to explain the change of scene, which is now laid in Bohemia. Here we find Camillo imploring Polixenes to allow him to return to Sicily, there to end his days, and Polixenes as earnestly pressing Camillo not to leave him. Among other arguments which the King uses, is his anxiety about his son, Florizel, whom he suspects of having fallen in love with a certain shepherd's daughter. Camillo yields to the King's entreaties; and, with the intervention of a scene which introduces that delightful rogue, Autolycus, we come to the sheep-shearing festival at which Perdita, as the shepherd's putative daughter, presides. During the

progress of this festival, Florizel in the presence of Polixenes and Camillo, who have come there disguised, is on the point of formally betrothing himself to Perdita, when the King, unmasking, puts an end to the project. Upon the King's subsequent departure, Florizel and Perdita determine to elope together. Camillo, desirous on every account, and more especially as a means of procuring his own return home, to effect a reconciliation between the two Kings, suggests to the runaways that they should proceed to Sicily, Florizel making pretence of a mission of peace from Polixenes. So soon as they shall have sailed, he promises to himself to betray their intentions to the King, and so induce him to follow them. Florizel and Perdita take Camillo's advice, and the fifth act opens upon their arrival at Leontes' court, where they are received with every mark of kindness. Polixenes and Camillo are, however, in quick pursuit and reach Sicily close at their heels. By means of the clothes and ornaments which the old shepherd had preserved, Perdita's real birth is discovered and Leontes' consent is given to her marriage with Florizel. But before the wedding takes place the two Kings, with Perdita, Florizel, Camillo, etc., pay a visit to the chapel in which Paulina wishes to show them the statue of Hermione, executed, as she alleges, by that cunning sculptor, Julio Romano. The seeming statue proves to be Hermione herself, who for sixteen years has been attended upon by Paulina, and who, now that the oracle has been fulfilled and Leontes' sin expiated by his long penitence, restores herself to her husband's arms amid general reconciliation and rejoicing.

Perdita. In regard to Perdita, having nothing new to put forward, I leave the student to Mrs. Jameson's admirable sketch

of her character; referring him to the same critic also for an explanation of the one circumstance in the latter half of the play which has given rise to some discussion, viz., Hermione's long-enduring and self-imposed banishment from her husband. It may however be of some use to my Indian readers if, in reference to the festival which occupies so prominent a part in the delineation of Perdita's character, some account is given of those held in especial honour in bygone days.

Hermione's seclusion.

Apart from festivals of a purely religious origin, such as Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, Hallowmas, All Souls Day, etc., etc., and festivals partly religious, partly patriotic, such as St. George's Day, St. Patrick's Day, St. David's Day, St. Crispin's Day, etc., held in honour of the eponymous hero or saint, there were others, some of which have now fallen into much disuse, that celebrated a particular season of the year. Of these the more important were May-Day, Sheep-Shearing Time, Midsummer, Harvest Home, and to all of these Shakespeare has frequent allusion. May-Day and Harvest Home still retain much of their popularity, and are celebrated probably in every village of any size, though the encroachment of the town upon the country has shorn even these of some of their enthusiasm. Speaking of the former in olden times, "Bourne tells us how the young people were in the habit of rising a little after midnight and walking to some neighbouring wood, accompanied with music and blowing of horns, where they broke down branches from the trees, which, decorated with nosegays and garlands of flowers, were brought home soon after sunrise, and placed at their doors and windows. Shakespeare, alluding to this practice, informs us how eagerly it was looked

Old English Festivals.

forward to, and that it was impossible to make the people sleep on May morning."*. . . (See *H. VIII.* v. 4. 12-15, *M. N. D.* i. 1. 163-7, iv. i. 137, 8). "In Chaucer's 'Court of Love,' we read that early on May-day 'Fourth goth al the Court, both most and lest, to fetche the flowris fresh and blome.' In the reign of Henry the Eighth, it is on record that the heads of the Corporation of London went out into the high grounds of Kent to gather the May [*i.e.* the blossoms of the May tree], and were met on Shooter's Hill by the King and his Queen, Catherine of Arragon, as they were coming from the Palace of Greenwich. Until within a comparatively recent period this custom still lingered in some of the counties. Thus, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the following doggerel was sung:—

> 'Rise up, maidens, fie for shame!
> For I've been four long miles from hame,
> I've been gathering my garlands gay,
> Rise up, fair maidens, and take your May.'

Many of the ballads sung now-a-days in country places by the village children on May morning, as they carry their garlands from door to door, undoubtedly refer to the old practice of going a-Maying, although fallen into disuse. In olden times every village had its May-pole, around which, decorated with wreaths of flowers, ribbons, and flags, our merry ancestors danced from morning till night. . . . Another feature of the May-day festivities was the Morris dance, the principal characters of which generally were Robin Hood, Maid Marian, Scarlet, Stokesley, Little John, the Hobby Horse, the Bavian or Fool, Tom the Piper, with his pipe and tabor. . . .

* Dyer, *Folk-Lore of Shakespeare*, pp. 287-91.

It was no uncommon occurrence for metrical interludes of a comic species, and founded on the achievements of the outlaw, Robin Hood, to be performed after the Morris on the May-pole green."* . . . "Midsummer Eve appears to have been regarded as a period when the imagination ran riot, and many a curious superstition was associated with this season. Thus people gathered on this night the rose, St. John's wort, vervain, trefoil and rue, all of which were supposed to have magical properties. They set the orpine in clay upon pieces of slate or pot-sherd in their houses, calling it a 'Midsummer man.' As the stalk was found next morning to incline to the right or left, the anxious maiden knew whether her lover would prove true to her or not."† . . . Harvest Home, as the name implies, was held in celebration of the harvest having been gathered in, and is still pretty generally kept up, though many of the customs connected with it have died out. The Hock-Cart at all events survives. "This was the cart which carried the last corn away from the harvest field; and was generally profusely decorated and accompanied by music, old and young shouting at the top of their voices a doggerel after the following fashion:—

Midsummer Eve

Harvest Home.

> 'We have ploughed, we have sowed,
> We have reaped, we have mowed,
> We have brought home every load,
> Hip, hip, hip! harvest home.'"§

The arrival of the cart is followed by rustic sports, and by a supper given to the labourers by their employer. "Sheep-Shearing Time commences as soon as the warm

Sheep-Shearing Time.

* *Ib.*, pp. 291. † *Ib.*, p. 299. § *Ib.*, pp. 303-4.

weather is so far settled that the sheep may, without danger, lay aside their winter clothing; the following tokens being laid down by Dyer in his 'Fleece' (book i.) to mark out the proper time:—

> 'If verdant elder spreads
> Her silver flowers; if humble daisies yield
> To yellow crowfoot and luxuriant grass,
> Gay shearing time approaches.'

Our ancestors, who took advantage of every natural holiday, to keep it long and gladly, celebrated the time of sheep-shearing by a feast exclusively rural. Drayton, the countryman of Shakespeare, has graphically described this festive scene, the Vale of Evesham being the locality of the sheep-shearing which he has pictured so pleasantly:—

> 'The shepherd king
> Whose flock hath chanc'd that year the earliest lamb to bring,
> In his gay baldric sits at his low grassy board
> With flawns, curds, clouted cream, and country dainties stored;
> And whilst the bag-pipe plays, each lusty jocund swain
> Quaffs syllabubs in cans, to all upon the plain,
> And to their country girls whose nosegays they do wear;
> Some roundelays do sing; the rest the burthen bear.'" *

In our play, the festivities begin with Perdita's presentation of emblematical flowers to the elder of her guests, and the season is defined by her in the words—

> "The year growing ancient,
> Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
> Of trembling winter;"

* *Ib.* p. 298.

and again—

> "Here 's flowers for you;
> Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
> The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
> And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
> Of middle summer, and I think they are given
> To men of middle age":

while for her younger guests she wishes she had some of the flowers that Proserpina "frighted" let "fall from Dis' waggon." Then comes the dance of shepherds and shepherdesses, the traffic with the pedlar in all sorts of fairings, songs and ballads among them, and finally, though the scene is interrupted, the "gallimaufry of gambols," as the old shepherd calls the dance of the twelve satyrs. Mr. Wise, who quarrels with Shakespeare for "unaccountably" placing the festival in "middle summer" instead of at the latter end of spring, tells us that the passage in which the shepherd speaks of the welcome his wife used to give to all, "might to this day stand as a description of a harvest-supper at some of the old Warwickshire farm-houses"; and Dr. Furnivall notices how happily the scene "brings Shakspere before us, mixing with his Stratford neighbours at their sheep-shearing and country sports, enjoying the vagabond pedlar's gammon and talk, delighting in the sweet Warwickshire maidens, and buying them 'fairings,' telling goblin stories to the boys . . . and opening his heart afresh to all the innocent mirth and the beauty of nature around him." The picture is indeed one that betrays in every line Shakespeare's comprehensive sympathy; and the more it is dwelt upon and felt, the more fully will his nature be under-

stood. In the case of those to whom life in England is known only through books, it cannot be expected that they should take in all the beauty of this wonderful idyll; yet Indian students will find much in their own folk-lore and festivals of a similar origin that will help them to understand what Perdita's feast means to such as from their boyhood have known the sweet charm of English country-side landscape, brightened by the simple revels of its peasantry. However deeply the noble character and undeserved suffering of Hermione may be felt, the first thought that comes into an Englishman's mind when *The Winter's Tale* is mentioned, is the thought of Perdita among her flowers and her friends. This it is that gives its *beauty* to the play. Elsewhere we are moved to more intense pity, to profounder thought, to stronger impulses of various sympathy; but, in beauty, *Cymbeline* alone of all Shakespeare's marvellous creatures seems to me to take rank above *The Winter's Tale.*

THE WINTER'S TALE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES, king of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, young prince of Sicilia.
CAMILLO, ANTIGONUS, CLEOMENES, DION, } Four Lords of Sicilia.
POLIXENES, king of Bohemia.
FLORIZEL, prince of Bohemia.
ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.
Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.
Clown, his son.
AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.
A Mariner.
A Gaoler.

HERMIONE, queen to Leontes.
PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a lady attending on Hermione.
MOPSA, DORCAS, } Shepherdesses.

Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, and Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE: *Sicilia, and Bohemia.*

THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Antechamber in* LEONTES' *palace.*

Enter CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed—

Cam. Beseech you,— 10

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me and as mine honesty puts it to utterance. 19

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there

rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves! 29

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live. 40

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room of state in the same.*

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES, CAMILLO, *and* Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one 'We thank you' many thousands moe
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks a while;

And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that 's to-morrow. 10

I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence ; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say
'This is put forth too truly :' besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We ll part the time between 's then ; and in that
I 'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world, 20
So soon as yours could win me : so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward : which to hinder
Were in your love a whip to me ; my stay
To you a charge and trouble : to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied our queen ? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure 30
All in Bohemia 's well ; this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd : say this to him,
He 's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong :
But let him say so then, and let him go ;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We 'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence I 'll adventure

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I 'll give him my commission 40
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for 's parting : yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady-she her lord. You 'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will ?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily !
You put me off with limber vows ; but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say 'Sir, no going.' Verily,
You shall not go : a lady's 'Verily' 's 50
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet ?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you ?
My prisoner ? or my guest ? by your dread 'Verily,'
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam :
To be your prisoner should import offending ;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I 'll question you 60
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys :
You were pretty lordings then ?

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o' the two ?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other : what we changed

Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd 70
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly 'not guilty ;' the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady !
Temptations have since then been born to 's ; for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl ;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot ! 80
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils : yet go on ;
The offences we have made you do we 'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us and that with us
You did continue fault and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet ?

Her. He 'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
To better purpose.

Her. Never ?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What ! have I twice said well ? when was 't before ?
I prithee tell me ; cram 's with praise, and make 's 91
As fat as tame things : one good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages : you may ride 's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal :
My last good deed was to entreat his stay :

What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: when? 100
Nay, let me have 't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter
'I am yours for ever.'

Her. 'Tis grace indeed.
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.

Leon. [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me: my heart dances: 110
But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practised smiles,
As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I' fecks! 120
Why, that's my bawcook. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so, 130
That will say any thing: but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may 't be?—
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicatest with dreams;—how can this be?— 140
With what 's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled

Pol. How, my lord!
What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?

Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you moved, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest. 150
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,

This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend, 160
Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I 'll fight.

Leon. You will! why, happy man be 's dole! My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He 's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter,
Now my sworn friend and then mine enemy,
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December,
And with his varying childness cures in me 170
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Officed with me: we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself and my young rover, he 's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: shall 's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you 'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside*] I am angling now, 180
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!

[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.*

Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!
Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. There have been,

Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now. 191
Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; many thousand on 's
Have the disease, and feel 't not. How now, boy!
Mam. I am like you, they say.
Leon. Why, that 's some comfort.
What, Camillo there?
Cam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou 'rt an honest man. 200
[*Exit Mamillius.*
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.
Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.
Leon. Didst note it?
Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.
Leon. Didst perceive it?
[*Aside*] They 're here with me already, whispering, rounding
'Sicilia is a so-forth:' 'tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last. How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?
Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.
Leon. At the queen's be 't: 'good' should be pertinent;
But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken 211
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.
Cam. Business, my lord! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
Leon. Ha!

Cam. Stays here longer.
Leon. Ay, but why? 220
Cam. To satisfy your highness and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
Leon. Satisfy!
The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy!
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.
Cam. Be it forbid, my lord! 230
Leon. To bide upon't, thou art not honest, or,
If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course required; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And takest it all for jest.
Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free, 240
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear 250
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,

Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—
But that 's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or heard,—
For to a vision so apparent rumour
Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation 260
Resides not in that man that does not think,—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife 's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say 't and justify 't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart, 270
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughing with a sigh?— a note infallible
Of breaking honesty—horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only, 280
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that 's in 't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.
Leon. Say it be, 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my lord.
Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave, 290
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.
Cam. Who does infect her?
Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that 300
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.
Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot 310
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have loved thee,—
Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation, sully

The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine and love as mine, 320
Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;
Provided that, when he 's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I 'll give no blemish to her honour, none. 330

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do 't and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I 'll do 't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me. [*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable lady! But, for me, 340
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master, one
Who in rebellion with himself will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings

And flourish'd after, I 'ld not do 't ; but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear 't. I must 350
Forsake the court : to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now !
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange : methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak ?
Good day, Camillo.
Cam. Hail, most royal sir !
Pol. What is the news i' the court ?
Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province and a region
Loved as he loves himself : even now I met him
With customary compliment ; when he, 360
Wafting his eyes to the contrary and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changeth thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my lord.
Pol. How ! dare not ! do not. Do you know, and dare not ?
Be intelligent to me : 'tis thereabouts ;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror 370
Which shows me mine changed too ; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with 't.
Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the disease ; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.
Pol. How ! caught of me !

Make me not sighted like the basilisk :
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto 380
Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well !
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least 390
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me ; how far off, how near ;
Which way to be prevented, if to be ;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you ;
Since I am charged in honour and by him
That I think honourable : therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry lost, and so good night !

Pol. On, good Camillo. 400

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo ?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what ?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen 't or been an instrument
To vice you to 't, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn

To an infected jelly and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril 410
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow? 420

Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business,
And will by twos and threes at several posterns
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain; 430
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready and
My people did expect my hence departure

Two days ago. This jealousy 440
Is for a precious creature : as she 's rare,
Must it be great, and as his person 's mighty,
Must it be violent, and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me :
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion ! Come, Camillo ;
I will respect thee as a father if 450
Thou bear'st my life off hence : let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns : please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A room in* LEONTES' *palace.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you : he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.
First Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow ?
Mam. No, I 'll none of you.
First Lady. Why, my sweet lord ?
Mam. You 'll kiss me hard and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. I love you better.
Sec. Lady. And why so, my lord ?
Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle, 10
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

Sec. Lady. Who taught you this?
Mam. I learnt it out of women's faces. Pray now
What colour are your eyebrows?
First Lady. Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
First Lady. Hark ye;
The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you 'ld wanton with us,
If we would have you.
Sec. Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her! 20
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.
Mam. Merry or sad shall 't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale's best for winter: I have one
Of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man—
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it softly; 30
Yond crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on, then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, *with* ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and* others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
First Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their ships.
Leon. How blest am I

In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accursed
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart, 40
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pandar:
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All 's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I 50
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?

First Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.

Leon. I know 't too well.
Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
Away with him! and let her sport herself 60
With that she 's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I 'ld say he had not,
And I 'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say 'she is a goodly lady,' and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add

'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable:'
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight 70
The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands
That calumny doth use—O, I am out—
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said 'she's goodly,' come between
Ere you can say 'she's honest:' but be 't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord, 80
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing!
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar: I have said
She's an adulteress; I have said with whom:
More, she's a traitor and Camillo is
A federary with her, and one that knows 90
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles, ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake 100
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her! to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have 110
That honourable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears 120
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence!

[*Exit Queen, guarded; with Ladies.*

First Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

First Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down and will do 't, sir, 130
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless

I' the eyes of heaven and to you ; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife ; I'll go in couples with her ;
Than when I feel and see her no farther trust her ;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

First Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves : 140
You are abused and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for 't ; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven ;
The second and the third, nine, and some five ;
If this prove true, they'll pay for 't : by mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all ; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations : they are co-heirs ;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease ; no more. 150
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose : but I do see 't and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus ; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty :
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What ! lack I credit ?

First Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground ; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion, 160
Be blamed for 't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which if you, or stupified
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.
Ant. And I wish, my liege, 170
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.
Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed, doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation, 180
For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild, I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?
First Lord. Well done, my lord.
Leon. Though I am satisfied and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle 190
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confined,

Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.
Ant. [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A prison.*

Enter PAULINA, *a* Gentleman, *and* Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am. [*Exit Gent.*
Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman, *with the* Gaoler.

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?
Gaol. For a worthy lady
And one whom much I honour.
Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.
Gaol. I may not, madam:
To the contrary I have express commandment.
Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from 10
The access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?
Gaol. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*
Gaol. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be 't so, prithee. [*Exit Gaoler.*
Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, *with* EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, 20
How fares our gracious lady?
Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is something before her time deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't; says 'My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.'
Paul. I dare be sworn:
These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew them! 30
He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I 'll take 't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I 'll show 't the king and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child: 40
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.
Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I 'll presently

Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour, 50
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from 't
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it !
I'll to the queen : please you, come something nearer.

Gaol. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir :
This child was prisoner to the womb and is
By law and process of great nature thence 60
Freed and enfranchised, not a party to
The anger of the king nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen

Gaol. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear : upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in* LEONTES' *palace.*

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and* Servants.

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest : it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus ; mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,
She the adulteress ; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof ; but she
I can hook to me : say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who 's there ?

First Serv. My lord ?

Leon. How does the boy?
First Serv. He took good rest to-night; 10
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.
Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Serv.*] Fie, fie! no thought of him:
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty, 20
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor
Shall she within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a child.*

First Lord. You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.
Ant. That 's enough. 30
Sec. Serv. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference 40
About some gossips for your highness
Leon. How!
Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leon. What, canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour, trust it,
He shall not rule me.
Ant. La you now, you hear: 50
When she will take the rein I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.
Paul. Good my liege, I come;
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dare
Less appear so in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours: I say, I come
From your good queen.
Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord,
Good queen; I say good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I 60
A man, the worst about you.
Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;
But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing. [*Laying down the child.*

Leon. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest 70
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.
Thou dotard! thou art woman-tired, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt 80
You'ld call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I, nor any
But one that's here, and that's himself, for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not—
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't—once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.
Leon. A callat 90
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband
And now baits me! This brat is none of mine:
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it, and together with the dam

Commit them to the fire!
Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley, 100
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek,
His smiles,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!
Leon. A gross hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.
Ant. Hang all the husbands 110
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
Leon. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leon. I'll ha' thee burnt.
Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen,
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy, something savours
Of tyranny and will ignoble make you, 120
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,

If she did know me one. Away with her!

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands?
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.* 130

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
My child? away with 't! Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
And see it instantly consumed with fire;
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands 140
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou set'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.

Lords. We can: my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You're liars all.

First Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
We have always truly served you, and beseech you
So to esteem of us, and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear services 150
Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live.

It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither:
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife there, 160
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo
And nobleness impose: at least thus much:
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark and perform it, see'st thou! for the fail 170
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place quite out
Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to it own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee, 180
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! And blessing 190
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,

Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit with the child.*

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

First Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have 200
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady, for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A sea-port in Sicilia.*

Enter CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn and unearthly
It was i' the offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense, 10
That I was nothing.
Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O be 't so !—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.
Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best ! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business : when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare 20
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go : fresh horses !
And gracious be the issue ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A court of Justice.*

Enter LEONTES, Lords, *and* Officers.

Leon. This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart : the party tried
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.
Off. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence ! 10

Enter HERMIONE *guarded ;* PAULINA *and* Ladies *attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.
Off. [*Reads*] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king

of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that 20
Which contradicts my accusation and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say 'not guilty:' mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus: if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know, 30
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it 40
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd to appear thus: if one jot beyond

The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts 50
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accused, I do confess 60
I loved him as in honour he required,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend, whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd 70
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams; 80

You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,—
Those of your fact are so—so past all truth :
Which to deny concerns more than avails ; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats :
The bug which you would fright me with I seek. 90
To me can life be no commodity :
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder : myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet : with immodest hatred 100
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion ; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die ? Therefore proceed.
But yet hear this ; mistake me not ; no life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour.
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else 110
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle :
Apollo be my judge !

First Lord. This your request

Is altogether just: therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [*Exeunt certain Officers.*
Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father:
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes 120
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, *with* CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest and that since then
You have not dared to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in 't.
Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.
Leon. Break up the seals and read. 129
Off. [*Reads*] Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.
Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!
Her. Praised!
Leon. Hast thou read truth?
Off. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.
Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!
Leon. What is the business?
Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it! 140
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone!
Serv. Is dead.
Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione swoons.*] How now there!
Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: look down
And see what death is doing.
Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover:
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.
[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.*
Apollo, pardon 150
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with 160
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing 't and being done: he, most humane
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour: how he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!

O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it, 170
Break too!

First Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, O, think what they have done 180
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little; though a devil 190
Would have shed water out of fire ere done't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,
Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords,
When I have said, cry 'woe!'—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead, and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

First Lord. The higher powers forbid! 200

Paul. I say she's dead; I'll swear't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you

As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter 210
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

First Lord. Say no more:
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for 't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart. What's gone and what's past help 220
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well 230
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both: upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit

The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation : so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me 240
Unto these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS *with a Child, and a* Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?
Mar. Ay, my lord ; and fear
We have landed in ill time : the skies look grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon 's.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done ! Go, get aboard ;
Look to thy bark : I 'll not be long before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best haste, and go not 10
Too far i' the land : 'tis like to be loud weather ;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.
Ant. Go thou away :
I 'll follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*
Ant. Come, poor babe :
I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the dead
May walk again : if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another ; 20
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming : in pure white robes,

Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay ; thrice bow'd before me,
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts : the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her : 'Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath, 30
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep and leave it crying ; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more.' And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself and thought
This was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys :
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously, 40
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well !
There lie, and there thy character : there these ;
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine. The storm begins : poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed 50
To loss and what may follow ! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds ; and most accursed am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell !
The day frowns more and more : thou 'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough : I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour !
Well may I get aboard ! This is the chase :
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter a Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting—Hark you now! Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the seaside, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa! 71

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it? 79

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see'em, and not to see'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'ld thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragoned it: but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor gentleman

roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather. 92

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now: I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing. 99

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling: open't. What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold! 108

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with't, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground. 120

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

PROLOGUE.

Enter TIME, *the* Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that make and unfold error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was 10
Or what is now received : I witness to
The times that brought them in ; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between : Leontes leaving,
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be 20
In fair Bohemia ; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you ; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering : what of her ensues
I list not prophesy ; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now ; 30
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *Bohemia. The palace of* POLIXENES.

Enter POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is sixteen years since I saw my country: though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure. 8

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues. 25

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared. 30

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence,

that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd ; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note : the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage. 40

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence ; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place ; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd ; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo ! We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A road near the* Shepherd's *cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh ! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year ;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh ! the sweet birds, O, how they sing !
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge ;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh ! with heigh ! the thrush and the jay, 10
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-pile ; but now I am out of service :

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
  The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
  I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
  And bear the sow-skin budget, 20
Then my account I well may give,
  And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to? 31

Aut. [*Aside*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice,—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man-song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace; dates?—none, that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun. 44

Aut. O that ever I was born! [*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off. 50

Aut. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman. 59

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. [*Picking his pocket*] Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office. 70

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court. 80

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he

hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue; some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs and bear-baitings. 91

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'ld have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's. 101

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled and my name put in the book of virtue! 110

[*Sings*] Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The* Shepherd's *cottage.*

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora

Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me :
O, pardon, that I name them ! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up : but that our feasts 10
In every mess have folly and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired, swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause !
To me the difference forges dread ; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did : O, the Fates ! 20
How would he look, to see his work so noble
Vilely bound up ? What would he say ? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence ?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them : Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd ; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, 30
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts

Burn hotter than my faith.
Per. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.
Flo. Thou dearest Perdita, 40
With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which 50
We two have sworn shall come.
Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!
Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, *and others, with* Polixenes *and* Camillo *disguised.*

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire 60
With labour and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one and not

The hostess of the meeting : pray you, bid
These unknown friends to's welcome ; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast ; come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [*To Pol.*] Sir, welcome : 70
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. [*To Cam.*] You're welcome, sir.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue ; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long :
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing !

Pol. Shepherdess,—
A fair one are you—well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth 80
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards : of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren ; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them ?

Per. For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be ;
Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean : so, over that art 90
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them; 100
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock.
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas! 110
You'ld be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim, 120
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and

The crown imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one ! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er !

Flo What, like a corse ?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on ; 130
Not like a corse ; or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers :
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals : sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I 'ld have you do it ever : when you sing,
I 'ld have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too : when you do dance, I wish you 140
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that ; move still, still so,
And own no other function : each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large : but that your youth,
And the true blood which peepeth fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles, 150
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't. But come ; our dance, I pray :
Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I 'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever

Ran on the green-sward : nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out : good sooth, she is 160
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up !

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress : marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with !

Mop. Now, in good time !

Clo. Not a word, a word ; we stand upon our manners.
Come, strike up !

[*Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter ?

Shep. They call him Doricles ; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding : but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it ; 170
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter :
I think so too ; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water as he 'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing ; though I report it,
That should be silent : if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of. 180

Enter Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe ; no, the bagpipe could not move you : he sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money ; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably. 189

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burthens of dildos and fadings, 'jump her and thump her;' and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man;' puts him off, slights him, with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'

Pol. This is a brave fellow. 199

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross: inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Prithee bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes. [*Exit Servant.* 211

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you'ld think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;

Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber ; 220
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears :
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel :
Come buy of me, come ; come buy, come buy ;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry :
Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me ; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves. 230

Mop. I was promised them against the feast ; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you : may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids ? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces ? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests ? 'tis well they are whispering : clamour your tongues, and not a word more. 242

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money ?

Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad ; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir ; for I have about me many parcels of charge. 251

Clo. What hast here ? ballads ?

Mop. Pray now, buy some : I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer! 260

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see moe ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you? 273

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:' there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you. 282

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?
M. It becomes thy oath full well, 291
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
D. Me too, let me go thither.
M. Or thou goest to the grange or mill.
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be.
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then whither goest? say, whither? 299

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls. [*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Follows singing.*
Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a? 310
Come to the pedlar;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully. 321

Shep. Away! we'll none on't: here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squier.

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now. 329

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.
[*To Cam.*] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.
He's simple and tells much. [*To Flor.*] How now, fair shepherd!
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go 340
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gift she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem, 350
Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's bolted
By the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out:
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all: 360
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them and condemn them to her service
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better: 370
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain!
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you; 380
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does nor shall.
Pol. Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing 390
But what he did being childish?
Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason
The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
In such a business.
Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir, 400
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Pol. Let him know 't.
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Prithee, let him.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not.
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can 410
But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou copest with,—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off: mark thou my words: 420
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone! 430
I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage but
Looks on alike. Will't please you, sir, be gone?
I told you what would come of this: beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father!

Speak ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think, 440
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have lived 450
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More straining on for plucking back, not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle, 460
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known!

Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father; I

Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be advised. 470
Flo. I am, and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is desperate, sir.
Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees or
The close earth wombs or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath 480
To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And most opportune to our need I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared 490
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.
Cam. O my lord!
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.
Flo. Hark, Perdita. [*Drawing her aside.*
I'll hear you by and by.
Cam. He's irremoveable,
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia 500

And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo;
I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved: it is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king 510
And through him what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction:
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by—
As heavens forfend!—your ruin; marry her,
And, with my best endeavours in your absence, 520
Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man
And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies

Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me : 530
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes :
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth ; asks thee the son forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person ; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess ; o'er and o'er divides him 540
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness ; the one
He chides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him ?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I 'll write you down :
The which shall point you forth at every sitting 550
What you must say ; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you :
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain
To miseries enough ; no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one to take another :
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you 560

Where you'll be loath to be: besides you know
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these seven years
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear our birth.

Cam. I cannot say 'tis pity 570
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!
But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care 580
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one word.

[*They talk aside.*

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass,

pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me that all their other senses stuck in ears: I could have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?
[*Seeing Autolycus.*
We'll make an instrument of this, omit
Nothing may give us aid. 610

Aut. If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discase thee instantly,—thou must think there's a necessity in't,—and change garments with this

gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot. 620

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I smell the trick on't.

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle. 630

[*Florizel and Autolycus change garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may—
For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father, 640
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.

[*Giving it to Perdita.*

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word.

Cam. [*Aside*] What I do next, shall be to tell the king
Of this escape and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail

To force him after : in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us ! 650

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it : to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse ; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot ! What a boot is here with this exchange ! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels : if I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't : I hold it the more knavery to conceal it ; and therein am I constant to my profession. 664

Re-enter Clown *and* Shepherd.

Aside, aside ; here is more matter for a hot brain : every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see ; what a man you are now ! There is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood. 670

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king ; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her : this being done, let the law go whistle : I warrant you. 678

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's

pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master. 690

Clo. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover. 700

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir? 709

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am

courtier cap-a-pe; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him? 720

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How blessed are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely. 730

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir? 739

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir? 749

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him,

though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir? 759

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember 'stoned,' and 'flayed alive.' 778

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that 's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he'll be made an example. 789

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge and follow you. 798

Clo. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

Shep. Let's before as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A room in* LEONTES' *palace.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and Servants.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass: at the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom and 10
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady: 20
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and graced
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well? 30
What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that 's gone. Besides, the gods

Will have fulfilled their secret purposes ;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is 't not the tenour of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found ? which that it shall, 40
Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me ; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. [*To Leontes.*] Care not for issue ;
The crown will find an heir : great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest ; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina
Who hast the memory of Hermione, 50
I know, in honour, O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel ! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips—

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak 'st truth.
No more such wives ; therefore, no wife : one worse,
And better used, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we 're offenders now, appear soul-vex'd,
And begin, 'Why to me ?'

Paul. Had she such power, 60
She had just cause.

Leon. She had ; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I 'ld bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't
You chose her ; then I 'ld shriek, that even your ears

Should rift to hear me ; and the words that follow'd
Should be 'Remember mine.'

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals ! Fear thou no wife ;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave ? 70

Leon. Never, Paulina ; so be blest my spirit !

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen : she shall not be so young
As was your former ; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy 80
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath ;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him ? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness : his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us 90
Tis not a visitation framed, but forced

By need and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And those but mean.
Leon. His princess, say you, with him?
Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now! Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, 'She had not been, 100
Nor was not to be equall'd;'—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.
Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot,—your pardon,—
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.
Paul. How! not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman 110
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.
Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement. Still, 'tis strange
[*Exeunt Cleomenes and others.*
He thus should steal upon us.
Paul. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.
Leon. Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st

He dies to me again when talk'd of : sure, 120
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

Re-enter CLEOMENES *and others, with* FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince ;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you : were I but twenty one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome ! 130
And your fair princess,—goddess !—O, alas !
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder as
You, gracious couple, do : and then I lost—
All mine own folly—the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend, 140
Can send his brother : and, but infirmity
Which waits upon worn times hath something seized
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measured to look upon you ; whom he loves—
He bade me say so—more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.

Leon. O my brother,
Good gentleman ! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me, and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters 150
Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,

As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and loved?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence, 160
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd
To execute the charge my father gave me
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival and my wife's in safety
Here where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father, 170
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir, 180
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;

Desires you to attach his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way 190
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak: 200
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor father!
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That 'once,' I see by your good father's speed, 210
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking
Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you owed no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections, 220
Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.
Leon. Would he do so, I 'ld beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.
Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. [*To Florizel.*] But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires, 230
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before* LEONTES' *palace.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS *and a* Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

First Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the

chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it. 7

First Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more.
The news, Rogero? 19

Sec. Gent. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir? 27

Third Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

Sec. Gent. No. 38

Third Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenances of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it. 53

Sec. Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

Third Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows. 61

First Gent. What became of his bark and his followers?

Third Gent. Wrecked the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing. 71

First Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

Third Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an 'Alas,' I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal. 83

First Gent. Are they returned to the court?

Third Gent. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup. 93

Sec. Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing?

First Gent. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye some new grace would be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.* 101

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this

secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd *and* Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune. 112

Shep. Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born: give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born. 120

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more. 130

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia. 141

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman?

Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands. 151

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A chapel in* PAULINA'S *house.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well I meant well. All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed,
With your crown'd brother and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: but we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery 10
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she lived peerless,

So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon
Or hand of man hath done ; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is : prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death : behold, and say 'tis well. 20

[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.*

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder : but yet speak ; first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near ?

Leon. Her natural posture !
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione ; or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence ; 30
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
As she lived now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her !
I am ashamed : does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it ? O royal piece
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjured to remembrance and 40
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,

Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.
Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour 's
Not dry.
Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, 50
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.
Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.
Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you,—for the stone is mine—
I 'ld not have show'd it.
Leon. Do not draw the curtain.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your fancy 60
May think anon it moves.
Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.
Paul. I 'll draw the curtain:
My lord 's almost so far transported that
He 'll think anon it lives.
Leon. O sweet Paulina, 70
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match

The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.
Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.
Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paul. Good my lord, forbear: 80
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You 'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?
Leon. No, not these twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I 'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand: but then you 'll think—
Which I protest against—I am assisted 90
By wicked powers.
Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.
Paul. It is required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On: those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.
Paul. Music, awake her; strike! [*Music.*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come, 100

I'll fill your grave up: stir, nay, come away,
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs:
[*Hermione comes down.*
Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?

Leon. O, she's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art 110
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck:
If she pertain to life let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has lived,
Or how stolen from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady; 120
Our Perdita is found.

Her. You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together, 130

You precious winners all ; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough and there
My mate, that 's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O, peace, Paulina !
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife : this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found mine ;
But how, is to be question'd ; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead, and have in vain said many 140
A prayer upon her grave. I 'll not seek far—
For him, I partly know his mind—to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. Let 's from this place.
What ! look upon my brother : both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This is your son-in-law
And son unto the king, who, heavens directing, 150
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand an answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissever'd : hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

Act I. Scene I.

1. **Bohemia**: here, and throughout the play, Hanmer substitutes *Bithynia* for *Bohemia*; but see Introduction.

on the like ... **on foot**, on an occasion like to that in which I am now employed; *i.e.* as an attendant upon your king as I now am upon mine.

6. **Bohemia**, *i.e.* the King of Bohemia, Polixenes.

justly owes him, he having a right to expect a return of the compliment.

8. **Wherein** ... **loves**: though it will not be in our power to entertain you with the same magnificence, the sincerity of our love shall atone for our shortcomings.

10. **Beseech you**, *i.e.* pray continue what you were saying.

11. **in the freedom** ... **knowledge**: I speak freely, being so fully conscious of our inability to vie with you in this respect.

12. **in so rare** ..., here the speaker breaks off as quite unable to find words to express his consciousness of Bohemia's inferiority.

13. **sleepy drinks**, soporifics: cp. "drowsy syrups," *Oth.* iii. 3. 330.

14. **unintelligent of**, Shakespeare elsewhere uses *intelligent of*, and *intelligent to*, as well as *intelligent* absolutely, but *unintelligent* nowhere else: *insufficience* also occurs in this passage only.

16. **You pay** ... **freely**, you thank us too lavishly for our hospitality which is so readily given.

20. **Sicilia** ... **Bohemia**. It is impossible for Leontes to be too kind to Polixenes.

22 **such an affection** ... **now**, an affection so strong was then implanted in their breasts that it cannot but manifest itself now in loving deeds towards each other. For **such** ... **which**, see Abb. § 278.

23. **mature dignities, and royal necessities**, the high position which on growing up they have been called upon to fill, and the duties attendant upon that position.

24. **their encounters** ... **attornied**, their meetings by proxy, *i.e.* by the interchange of embassies, have been such as were worthy of sovereigns so noble: an *attorney* is one appointed or constituted, and then one appointed to act for another, very nearly the sense in which the verb is used in *M. M.* v. 390, "I am still *attorney'd* at your service."

28. **over a vast.** Delius and Schmidt understand this as equivalent to a *vast sea*, the meaning which the word has in *Pericles*, iii. 1. 1; and the later folios actually insert *sea*. But *vast* was formerly used in the sense of a waste place, a wide tract of uncultivated land, and Steevens and Dyce so take it in the present passage. Henley thinks there is a reference "to a device, common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, and joined as in token of friendship over a wide waste of country."

29. **opposed winds**, opposite quarters of the earth.

30. **I think** .. **it.** I believe that neither malicious suggestions of designing persons, nor any cause however important, would be able to interrupt the continuance of their love for each other.

31. **of your**, etc., as we should say '*in* your,' etc.; cp. *A. W.* i. 1. 7, "You shall find *of* me the king a husband," etc.

32. **it is a gentleman**, cp. *Macb.* i. 4. 58, "*It* is a peerless kinsman"; *A. C.* iii. 2. 6, "'*T* is a noble Lepidus."

33. **into my note**, under my notice.

35. **physics the subject**, the people collectively. From the words which immediately follow, "makes old hearts fresh," Staunton thinks it possible that the expression had a more particular meaning: "The sight and hopes of the princely boy were cordial to the afflicted, and invigorating to the old." But probably, as Delius points out, the phrase is merely an adaptation of the words in the novel (Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia*) from which the plot is taken: "Fortune . . . . lent them a sonne so adorned with the gifts of nature, as the perfection of the childe greatly augmented the love of the parentes, and *the joy of their commons.*"

SCENE II.

1-3. **Nine changes** ... **burthen**: Nine times has the shepherd noted the changes of the moon, *i.e.* nine months have gone by, since I left my throne without an occupant. Schmidt takes *note* as that by which the shepherd measured time, but it seems better to regard it as an abstract term equivalent to *observation*, as frequently in Shakespeare, *e.g. Cymb.* iv. 4. 20, "that they will waste their time upon our *note*," *i.e.* in noting us. *Hath* of the first folio is altered by most modern editors into *have*, but it

may be merely an instance of the third person plural in *-th*. For *watery star*, cp. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 162, iii. 1. 203; *R. J.* i. 4. 62.

5, 6. **And yet ... debt**: and still we should depart eternally in your debt.

6-9. **and therefore ... before it.** Cp. *H. V.* i. pr. 15-18—

> "O pardon! since a *crooked figure* may
> Attest in little *place* a million:
> And let us *ciphers* to this great accompt,
> On your imaginary forces work":

where the meaning is, as a cipher, in itself nothing, can by its position turn a hundred thousand into a million, in the same way let us, who in ourselves are but as ciphers to a matter of so much importance, etc. The difference between the two expressions ('*little* place,' in *H. V.*, and '*rich* place,' here) being that in the former the idea is of humble position of the cipher, it being, as it were, in the background and yet adding to the value of the sum, while in the latter the reference is more especially to the value which a cipher acquires by being to the right hand and not to the left as in decimal notation. So, in Peele's *Edward I.*, "'Tis but a cipher in agrum (arithmetic), and it hath made of ten thousand pounds a hundred thousand pounds." Cp. also *Lear*, i. 4. 212, "Now thou art an *O* without a figure," *i.e.* without any unit before it.

10. **That 's to-morrow**, *i.e.* our departure must be to-morrow.

11, 12. **I am ... absence**: My fears constantly question me, torture me with questions, as to what may suddenly happen, or gradually develope itself, owing to my prolonged absence.

12, 14. **that may blow ... 'truly!'** This is generally taken as a wish, 'O that no nipping winds may blow (no sharp storm of trouble burst upon me) to make me say, 'I had only too good reason for my presentiments!' But the expression may be elliptical, and as 'fears' that a thing may happen necessarily involve 'hopes' that it may not, the full expression would be, 'I am questioned by my fears as to what may happen, and only hope that no sneaping winds, etc.' By some editors the passage is considered corrupt, and several emendations have been proposed. Shakespeare uses "envious *sneaping* frost," *L. L. L.* i. 1. 100, and "*sneaped* birds," *Lucr.* 333. The word is connected with *snap*, *snip*, *snub*, and *snuff* in the sense of cutting off the wick of a candle.

15. **to tire**, so as to tire.

your royalty, your royal hospitality, not here used as a title, as Schmidt says.

15, 6. **We are ... to 't.** We are made of better stuff than to have our hospitality taxed beyond its strength by any visit, how-

ever long, from one so dear to us: 'to put a person to it, in the sense of try him hard, drive him into a strait, is frequent in Shakespeare, *e.g. Cor.* i. 1. 233—

"They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, who will *put you to't*,"

i.e. who will give you plenty of trouble to overcome him.

17. **One seven-night**, we still use 'fortnight,' but 'seven-night' is almost, if not quite, obsolete. **Very sooth**, so 'sooth' and 'good sooth' are used by Shakespeare without any preposition.

18. **part**, *i.e.* halve. **I 'll no gainsaying**, I will have (*i.e.* will take) no refusal.

20-3. **There is ... it.** Under ordinary circumstances your words would carry more persuasion with me than those of any one else in the world; and now too I should yield if what you asked were something of urgent importance to yourself, even though my own interests dictated a refusal.

22. For the scansion of this verse see Abb. § 499.

24. **Do even drag**, not only draw me homeward, but *drag* me; a more forcible and earlier form of the word.

24, 5. **which to hinder ... to me.** To hinder which (*i.e.* my return home) would be to make your love to me a punishment. **whip** in this metaphorical sense of scourge, instrument of correction, is frequent in Shakespeare. For **trouble** in this context, cp. *Macb.* i. 6. 11 and 14.

26. **to save both**, probably refers to the inconvenience to himself as well as to "the charge and trouble" to Leontes.

28, 9. **until ... stay.** That is, until he had bound himself in the strongest possible way not to remain, and *then* to have attacked him and compelled him to yield.

30. **charge**, adjure.

31, 2. **this satisfaction ... proclaim'd**, the news yesterday received from Bohemia satisfactorily proved this.

33. **his best ward**, you beat down his strongest guard, a fencing term frequently used by Shakespeare both literally and metaphorically. For **beat**, see Abb. § 343.

34. **To tell ... strong.** If he were to say that his anxiety to go was caused by his desire to see his son, that would be an argument we should find it difficult to get over.

35-7. **But let him ... distaffs.** Let him *only* say so, and he is free to go; let him *only* swear it, and we will not merely let him go, but will not allow him to stay, we will forcibly drive him away: *distaffs*, because it is a woman who is speaking.

38, 9. **Yet of ... week**, still, in spite of all I will be bold enough to claim the loan of your presence here for a week longer.

39-42. **When ... parting**, when you carry him off for a visit to you at your capital, I will authorize him to stay a month longer than the time fixed at his starting. **to let him** is used reflexively. **gests**, "or rather *gists*, from the Fr. *giste* (which signifies both a bed and a lodging place), were the names of the houses or towns where the king or prince intended to lie every night during his progress. They were written in a scroll, and probably each of the royal attendants was furnished with a copy" (Malone).

42. **good deed**, which Warburton and Tyrwhitt would change to 'good heed,' the reading of the later folios), means 'in very deed.' Steevens speaks of the expression as used by the Earl of Surrey, Sir John Hayward, and Gascoigne.

43, 4. **I love thee ... her lord**, I love you not one whit less than any lady whatsoever loves her husband. **jar o' the clock**, tick of the clock; lit. I am not one moment behind any woman in the world in loving, etc. On **what** in an elliptical expression like this, see Abb. § 255. Dyce ridicules the reading in the text and substitutes *should* for *she* (a correction made in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the First Folio), the corruption, according to him, arising from the word *should* being written *sh^d*. That *she* by itself is used for *woman* is proved by several examples from Shakespeare and other writers, *e.g. Sonnet* cxxx. 13, 14—

> "And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
> As any *she* belied with false compare":

but no parallel has been adduced to '*lady* she' (with or without the hyphen), meaning simply a lady. Possibly *she* is merely redundant, as in "The skipping king *he* ambled up and down," *1 H. IV.* iii. 2. 60; "For God *he* knows," *R. III.* iii. 7. 236, and many other passages.

45. **may not**, cannot.

47. **limber**, flexible, that can easily be bent or turned. "Closely allied to *limp*, flexible, and similarly formed from the same Teut. base LAP, to hang loosely down; the *p* being weakened to *b* for ease of pronunciation. The suffix *-er* is adjectival, as in *bitt-er*, *fai-r*" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*, *s. v.*).

48. **Though you ... oaths**, though you should endeavour by the strength of your oaths to bring the stars down from their sphere: an allusion to the belief that witches and sorcerers could by their oaths and incantations call down the moon from the sky. Cp. Milton, *Il Penseroso*, 88, "*unsphere* the spirit of Plato," etc., and *Comus*, 3.

49. '**no going**,' *i.e.* there is no going for you; you will not be allowed to go.

51. **Will you go yet**? are you still determined upon going?

52. **Force me.** Possibly interrogatively: will you force me?

52. **so**, in that case.

54. **save your thanks**, not be put to the expense of thanks.

55. **your dread 'Verily,'** by that terrible asseveration of yours; said with merry scorn.

57. **should import**, would *necessarily* import. See Abb. on *shall* and *should*.

58. **less easy**, more difficult; the negative form of phrase being somewhat more modest.

62. **lordings**. Steevens quotes the same diminutive form from Chaucer, and Jonson uses it frequently; the more modern form is *lordling*, in reality a double diminutive.

63. **behind**, *i.e.* behind the present, in the future.

65. **to be boy eternal**, *i.e.* eternal boyhood.

66. **verier**, more complete, thorough.

68. **bleat**, past tense; see Abb. § 341.

what we changed, the thoughts we *inter*changed were pure and innocent.

70. Dyce, following the Second Folio, inserts *no* before *nor*, and Lettson compares iv. 3. 392—

> "I cannot speak
> So well, nothing so well; *no*, *nor* mean better."

Malone considers *doctrine* a trisyllable, but though "*r* and liquids in dissyllables are frequently pronounced as though an extra vowel were introduced between them and the preceding consonant" (Abb.), the rhythm here in such a case would be intolerable. Abbott (505) regards the line as one of four accents.

72, 3. **And our ... blood**, had not our innocent disposition been stirred to a higher pitch by stronger animal passion, we, etc. It is not easy in explanation to preserve the contrast between *spirits* and *blood* in its literal sense. **rear'd** here seems to involve the idea not only of being *raised*, but also the secondary idea of being *brought up*.

74, 5. **the imposition ... ours**, "That is, were the penalty remitted which we inherit from the transgression of our first parents" (Staunton).

78. **unfledged**, so *Haml.* i. 3. 65, "each new-hatched, *unfledged* comrade"; *Cymb.* iii. 3 27, "we, poor *unfledged*."

80. **Grace to boot!** God help us! show his grace to us! *Boot* is a substantive, not a verb, and signifies profit, advantage. Hermione is humorously indignant at the inference, to be drawn from Polixenes' words, that his and Leontes' sins were due to their becoming acquainted with their wives.

81. **Of this ... conclusion**, do not carry your argument to its

legitimate conclusion or you will be obliged to say that your queen and I are devils, *i.e.* in having tempted you to swerve from the path of virtue. Polixenes' mention of "the imposition hereditary ours" suggests a further reference to Eve tempting Adam after being herself tempted by the devil.

84. **and that with us.** For the omission and subsequent insertion of *that*, see Abb. § 285.

85. **slipp'd.** Both as a verb and a substantive, *slip* is generally used by Shakespeare in the special sense of *wantonness*, and below, i. 2. 273, the adjective has the same meaning.

91. **cram 's ... and make 's.** Cp. *M. A.* v. 3. 32, "speed *'s*"; *A. C.* ii. 7. 134, "give *'s* your hand"; and l. 94 below, "ride *'s*."

92. **As fat ... things,** *i.e.* those animals that are kept to be fattened for the table. Cp. *T. C.* ii. 2. 49—

"Manhood and honour
Should have hare-hearts, would they but *fat* their thoughts
With this *cramm'd* reason."

92. **tongueless,** in a passive sense, not talked of. See Abb. § 3.

93. **Slaughters ... that,** is the destruction of a thousand others which were ready to be done if that one had received its proper commendation.

94-6. **you may ... acre,** a slight kindness will get a great deal more out of us than any amount of harshness. **heat,** travel over, from the substantive which means a measured distance to be raced over.

96. **But to the goal,** but to come to the point, the end for which I set out.

98. **it has ... sister,** I at some time previous did a deed that in goodness was akin to this; so the verb, *Per.* v. prol. 71—

"That even her art *sisters* the natural roses."

99. **O, would ... Grace!** Having used the expression "elder sister" in speaking of a former deed, she goes on to say how pleased she would be if Leontes would christen that deed "Grace" (a common female Christian name), *i.e.* would speak of it as being a gracious deed.

100. **to the purpose,** *i.e.* well in your opinion. **have 't,** hear it, know it

102. **Three crabbed ... death.** Three wretched months had passed away; a reference to the sourness of the wild apple.

104. **And clasp ... love.** For this custom of joining hands as a token of betrothal, cp. *H. V.* v. 2. 133; *Temp.* iii. 1. 89; *K. J.* ii. 2. 532, 3.

105. **It is grace indeed.** Then the name of that deed of mine is really 'grace,' as I hoped you would christen it, *i.e.* then I

really did a gracious act on that occasion. Lettsom would read "*That was* grace indeed."

106. **lo you**, so in *A. C.* iv. 14. 87, "Lo thee!" an interjection, and nothing to do with 'look.'

107. **The one**, *i.e.* one of my two speeches.

109. **To mingle ... bloods.** This extreme intimacy of friendship indicates a reciprocity of passionate feeling. Though *bloods* is plural, the word is used in an abstract sense.

110. **tremor cordis**, with this expression (trembling, throbbing of the heart) Delius compares *Hysterica passio* in *Lear*, ii. 4. 57.

111-4. **This entertainment ... agent.** This cordiality *may* (honestly) wear the look of innocence; its freedom *may* be the outcome of genuine friendship, of goodness of heart, that ever-teeming soil, and so be becoming to one who shows it. Steevens explains *fertile bosom* by "a bosom like that of the earth, which yields a spontaneous produce": he compares *T. A.* iv. 3. 179—

> "Common mother, thou,
> Whose womb immeasurable and *infinite breast*
> Teems and feeds all."

Some modern editors follow Hanmer in reading "bounty's fertile bosom"; others again place a comma only after *put on*, in which case *put on* as well as *derive* must be joined with the words "From heartiness, etc."

116. **practised smiles**, studied, not natural.

118. **The mort o' the deer**, a long-drawn breath like that drawn by the huntsman in sounding the horn at the death of the deer.

119. **nor my brows!** A reference to the belief that horns grew on the forehead of a man whose wife had been unfaithful to him; said to have arisen out of the story of Actæon, who, spying Diana bathing, was punished by having horns grow out of his forehead.

120. **my boy?** are you really my son? **I' fecks**, supposed to be a corruption of *in faith*.

121. **Why ... bawcock.** 'Bawcock,' a burlesque term of endearment, probably from the Fr. *beau coq*, fine cock. **that's my**, etc., equivalent to 'well said, my fine fellow!'

122. **a copy out**, an exact model of mine; *out* seems to have here the same intensive sense as in *M. A.* iii. 2. 112, "to paint *out* her wickedness"; *V. A.* 290, "limning *out* a well-proportioned steed." **captain**, a humorous term of affection, see below, l. 168.

123. **not neat, but cleanly.** "Leontes, seeing his son's nose smutch'd, cries, *we must be neat;* then recollecting that *neat* is an ancient term for *horned* cattle, he says, *not neat, but cleanly*" (Johnson).

124, 5. **And yet ... neat.** And yet the term is applicable to you, for it is given generically, not only to the bull and the cow, but also to the calf. **Still virginalling,** "still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the virginals" (Johnson). "The virginals (probably so called because chiefly played upon by young girls) resembled in shape the 'square' pianoforte of the present day, as the harpsichord did the 'grand.' The sound of the pianoforte is produced by a hammer *striking* the strings; but when the keys of the virginals or harpsichord were pressed, the 'jacks,' slender pieces of wood, armed at the upper end with quills, were raised to the strings and acted as *plectra*, by impinging or twitching them" (Chappell's *Pop. Music of the Olden Times*, quoted by Dyce, *Gloss.*). There is a similar pun on the word in the *T. N. K.* iii. 3. 34.

126. **wanton calf,** frolicsome, sportive; not in a bad sense. 'Art thou *my* calf?' as above 'art thou *my* boy?'

128, 9. **Thou want'st ... like me.** "You tell me (says Leontes to his son) that you are like me; that you are my calf. I am the horned bull: thou wantest *the rough head and the horns* of that animal, completely to resemble your father' (Malone). 'A mad *Pash*, a mad brain. Chesh.' Ray's *North Country Words* ... 'Pash, the head, rather a ludicrous term.' Jamieson's *Ety. Dict. of the Scot. Language*" (Dyce, *Gloss.*).

130. **as like as eggs.** The more common modern proverb is 'As like as two peas.'

132. **As o'er-dyed blacks,** 'blacks' are mourning. Of 'o'er-dyed' three interpretations have been given: (1) mourning dyed too much and so becoming rotten; in this sense Staunton compares, "Like to an *oft-dyed garment*," from Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, v. 2, and thinks that *oft* may possibly be the right reading here; (2) faded or damaged stuffs dyed black in order to hide their real condition; (3) black things painted with another colour through which the ground will soon appear; in illustration of this Schmidt refers to *T. A.* iv. 2. 100—

> "Coal-black is better than another hue
> In that it scorns to bear another hue."

The first of these three interpretations is probably the best. For *wind* Dyce reads *winds*.

133, 4. **As dice ... mine.** As one who sets no boundary between what is his and what mine would wish the dice with which he played to be. In *M. W.* i. 3. 94, Shakespeare speaks of two kinds of false dice in vogue then—*gourds*, said to have a secret cavity in them, and *fullams*, which were loaded with metal on one side so as to turn up high or low numbers as the thrower wished. **bourn,** boundary, limit.

135. **sir page,** like 'sweet villain!' 'my collop!' a term of

affection. **collop**, properly a slice of meat and so a part of one's own flesh, as a wife in reference to her husband is said to be 'bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh.' Shakespeare uses the word again in the same sense, 1 *H. IV.* v. 4. 18, "God knows thou art a *collop* of my flesh," *i.e.* as dear to me as myself. For *were like*, see Abb. § 368.

136. **welkin**, properly the sky, in which sense Shakespeare uses the word frequently; hence, here, sky-coloured, blue; derivation uncertain.

137. **Most dear'st**, for the double superlative see Abb. § 11: **may 't be?** can it be possible?

138-46. **Affection ... brows.** This passage has called forth a large variety of interpretations. The meaning probably is, 'Imagination, thy intensity pierces to the very centre (cp. "the *pith* and *marrow* of our attribute," *Hamlet*, i. 4. 22), and goes to the very root of one's being; thou makest that to be possible which no one could have believed to be so; thou dost work in concert with dreams, strange as this may seem ("how can this be?"), art in league with what is unreal and dost link thyself with what is non-existent: then, this being so, it is easy to believe that thou mayest co-operate with what has real existence (here, the supposed guilt of his wife); and thou dost so even beyond all warrant, all certain authority, and I feel your influence, power, to such a degree that my brain has become infected by thee, and I imagine myself to be a cuckold.' Staunton says, "Pursuing the train of thought induced by the acknowledged likeness between the boy and himself, Leontes asks, 'Can it be possible a mother's vehement imagination should penetrate even to the womb, and there imprint upon the embryo what stamp she chooses.' ..." But this explanation entirely fails to account for Leontes' agitation, which is clearly about Hermione's intimacy with Polixenes. Singer interprets "And that beyond commission" to mean "it is very evident that sympathy (affection) shall betray a crime to the injured person, not only at the time of commission, but even after, —beyond the time of commission"; which seems nonsense. **credent** for *credible* is used again in *M. M.* iv. 4. 29.

147. **something unsettled**, somewhat disturbed in mind.

148, 9. **You look ... distraction**, the look of your brow is that of a man much distracted, agitated. **moved**, excited.

151-3. **How sometimes ... bosoms!** How sometimes natural affection will betray its weakness and make a man the laughing-stock of those less tender-hearted. On **its**, see Abb. § 228.

154. **methoughts**, a form occasionally found; but, as we have *methought* a few lines lower, possibly a mistake here; see Abb. § 297. **recoil**, go back in imagination.

155. **unbreech'd**, without breeches, being too young for that article of dress.

156. **muzzled**, with its sheath carefully fastened on so as to prevent its getting loose and so wounding me.

158. **As ornaments ... dangerous**, Steevens quotes *M. V.* iii. 2. 97—

> "Thus *ornament* is but the guiled shore
> To a most *dangerous* sea."

159. **this kernel**, this seed which will one day grow to the full fruit.

160. **squash**, an immature peascod; cp. *T. N.* i. 5. 166, "As a *squash* is before 'tis a peascod."

161. **Will you ... money?** 'To take eggs for money' seems to have been used in two senses, (1) to allow oneself to be cajoled, (2) to put up with an affront. Here from the address 'Mine honest friend,' where 'honest' probably indicates simplicity, the former of these two meanings appears preferable.

163. **happy man be his dole!** may happiness be his portion, that which is doled or dealt out to him by the fates. The phrase occurs in other plays, though in a slightly different sense.

166. **my exercise**, he is that which constantly occupies my attention. **my mirth, my matter**, the subject of my mirthful and of my serious movements.

167. **Now my sworn ... enemy**, at one moment the dearest of friends, at the next my bitter foe (said of course playfully to indicate his varying moods): in **sworn friend** there is probably an allusion to the *fratres jurati*, sworn brothers, who in the days of chivalry mutually bound themselves by oath to share each other's fortune; cp. *H. V.* ii. 1. 13, iii. 2. 47.

168. **My parasite**, one who fawns upon me for entertainment, lit. one who dines at my table. For the whole passage compare *A. W.* i. 1. 180-9:—

> "There shall your master have a thousand loves,
> A mother and a mistress and a friend,
> A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
> A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
> A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
> His humble ambition, proud humility,
> His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
> His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
> Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
> That blinking Cupid gossips":

where the various antitheses correspond in a great measure with those in the text, while all the epithets bestowed upon Florizel

come well under the expression "a world of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms."

170. **varying childness**, the varying moods of his young mind. **thick**, thicken, curdle.

171, 2. **So stands ... with me**: exactly the same is his (Mamillius') relation to me. In **squire** and **officed** there is an allusion to the duties of an attendant upon a knight.

176. **my young rover**, this young scapegracé here, another of his "fond, adoptious christendoms."

177. **Apparent to my heart**, the heir apparent being the person who, if he survive the ancestor, must be his heir, as the eldest son in the lifetime of his father, the term is here used as most nearly akin, closest, to his affections.

would seek, should wish to seek us.

178. **We are ... garden**, you will find us in the garden. **shall's**, a not uncommon use in Shakespeare, who also has the converse *we* for *us*.

179, 80. **To your own ... sky.** Occupy yourselves in any way you are inclined: in the concluding words there is the secondary meaning, 'I shall detect your practices however secret you may be.'

180, 1. **I'm angling ... line.** You think, no doubt, because I give you so much freedom of intercourse that I am blind to what is going on between you; but I am only 'playing' you as a fisherman plays a fish, letting out plenty of line, which the fish would quickly snap if it were drawn tight at once. A similar metaphor is 'giving a man plenty of rope to hang himself.'

182. **Go to**, generally an exclamation of impatience or contempt.

183. **neb**, according to Steevens, the *mouth;* according to Dyce (who refers to l. 274 below, 'meeting *noses*'), the *nose;* lit. the beak, bill of a bird. Whichever meaning be given to the word, the general sense is the same, 'looking up at him in a familiar manner.' Webster, *Westward Ho*, ii. 1, uses *neb*, for the nib of a pen.

184, 5. **And arms ... husband!** And behaves in the confidential manner which shown by a wife to her husband would be appreciated by him: **allowing**, in the frequent Shakespearian sense of *approving;* not *lawful*, as Staunton explains, nor *conniving*, as Schmidt.

185. **Gone already!** *i.e.* are they so eager to get away from me and be alone together?

186. **Inch-thick ... one!** 'Inch-thick' and 'knee-deep' are both expressive of excess, the idea in the former being of some substance usually thin, but which in a particular instance is even

an inch in thickness; in the latter of sinking up to the knee in mud, etc., or of wading, as in *Macb.* iii. 4. 136, 7, in blood—

> "I am in blood
> Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

186. **a fork'd one**, a cuckold; cp. *Oth.* iii. 3. 276, and see above, l. 119.

188. **so disgraced ... whose**, see Abb. § 279. **contempt and clamour**, probably a hendiadys for 'contemptuous clamour.'

195, 6. **It is a ... predominant**: a reference to astrology, in which so-called science 'predominant' is a technical term; the star which rules these matters is a lustful one and will strike those born under it, do what they may. Cp. *Lear*, i. 2. 130-6—"we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical *predominance;* drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of *planetary* influence. . . ."

200. **thou 'rt an honest man**, *i e.* not disgraced as I am.

201. **yet**, in spite of his previous refusals.

202, 3. **You had ... home.** You had a great deal of trouble in persuading him; he evaded your request again and again: **his anchor**, the anchor by which you hoped to secure him; Hanmer would read '*the* anchor': **still came home**, a nautical metaphor, repeatedly failed to take hold of the bottom; came away when a strain was put upon it.

204. **at your petitions**, as we still say, 'at your request,' 'at your demand.' **made ... material**, represented his business at home as of more importance, more urgent; so, *Mac.*, iii. 1. 136, *Cymb.* i. 6. 207.

206. **They 're here with me already.** Staunton seems to have been the first to point out the real meaning of this phrase. "By 'they're *here with me* already,' the King means,—the people are already mocking me with this opprobrious gesture (the cuckold's emblem with their fingers), and whispering, etc. So, in *Coriolanus*, Act iii. Sc. 2 [73],

> 'Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
> And thus far having stretch'd it (*here be with them*),'"

though there the gesture is a complimentary one. The cuckold's emblem with their fingers, to which Staunton refers, was the holding of the fingers in the form of a V; and in Chapman's *May Day*, iv., near the end, where the hooting of a cuckold is the subject of conversation, Faunio says, "That dare not I do" (*i.e.* laugh outright when he saw him), "but as often as he turns his back to me, *I shall be here* V with him, that's certain."

206. **rounding.** "The name Runic was so called from the term which was used by our barbarian ancestors to designate the mystery of alphabetic writing. This was Run, sing., Rune, pl. . . . This word Run signified mystery or secret; and a verb of this root was in use down to a comparatively recent date in English literature, as an equivalent for the verb to whisper. In Chaucer's *Friar's Tale* (7132) the Sompnour is described as drawing near to his travelling companion,

'Ful prively, and rouned in his ere';

i.e. quite confidentially, and whispered in his ear. . . . It was also used of any kind of discourse; but mostly of private and privileged communication in council or conference. . . . This *rown* became *rownd* and *round* on the principle of N attracting D to follow it. . . . As in the *Faery Queene*, iii. 10. 30,

'And in his eare him rounded close behind. . . .'"

(Earle, *Phil. of the Eng. Tongue*, 93, 4).

207. '**Sicilia is a so-forth.**' "This was a phrase employed when the speaker, through caution or disgust, wished to escape the utterance of an obnoxious term. . . ." (Steevens). The obnoxious term here was of course 'cuckold.' So, in Heywood's *A Challenge for Beauty*, iv. 1, "We found her a *Noun Substantive*," is a similar euphemism.

'tis far gone ... last: matters have come to a pretty pass when I shall be the last to know of them; *i.e.* they must be very bad when they are *so* bad that no one dare speak of them to me.

210, 1. **'good' should ... not.** The epithet 'good' ought to be applicable, but, as matters are, it is not. **taken,** conceived, taken in, by any clear-sighted persons besides yourself.

213, 4. **For thy ... blocks.** I say 'understanding pate,' *for* your conception (conceit) is one that quickly absorbs, imbibes, facts which for the common herd would have no significance: *blocks*, wooden-headed fellows, blockheads, as we say; the *block* on which hats were formed being a wooden model of the human head.

215. **But of,** except by the keener intelligences. **by some severals ... extraordinary?** by certain particular persons who have more brains than the ordinary person. On *severals* as a substantive, see Abb. § 5.

216. **lower messes,** those who sat at the lower end of the table, below the great salt, or at tables where the charge was less; hence people of inferior rank, and so of inferior intelligence. *Mess* is properly a dish of meat, that which is set or placed upon the table, Lat. *missum.*

218. **Business, my lord!** Camillo takes up the word 'business'

used by Leontes, and in effect says, 'business! why do you use the term 'business'?"

222, 3. **Satisfy** ... **mistress**! what do you mean by satisfying the entreaties of your mistress? do you mean satisfy her impure desires?

224. **Let that suffice**, that is enough, I don't wish to hear more. In "satisfy! Let that suffice" there seems to be an echo of the saying *satis quod sufficit* (enough is as good as a feast), used by Holofernes in *L. L. L.* v. 1. 1; while the repetition of "satisfy!" "satisfy!" brings to mind a similar repetition made by Othello in similar circumstances (*Oth.* iv. 2. 72, 76, 80), "What committed?" "What committed?" "What committed?"

226. **chamber-councils**, most private matters of consideration.

227. **cleansed my bosom**. Delius quotes *Macb.* v. 3. 44—

> "*Cleanse* the stuff'd *bosom* of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart."

230. **In that which seems so.** He modifies his use of the word *integrity* by saying, 'in thy integrity, or rather in that which seems so, but is not.' **Be it forbid**, *i.e.* that you should have been deceived.

231. **To bide upon 't**, "equivalent to 'my abiding opinion is'" (Dyce), who quotes *King and No King*, iv. 3—

> "Captain, thou art a valiant gentleman,
> *To abide upon 't*, a very valiant man."

232. **If thou** ... **way**, if your natural bent is in that direction.

233. **Which hoxes** ... **behind**, to be which lames honest action, prevents the course of straightforward action. *Hough* or *hock* is the joint in the hind leg of a quadruped between the knee and fetlock, and *hough*, the verb, so spelt in the Bible, to cut the hamstring of a horse, has been corrupted into *hox*. **restraining**, *sc.* it.

235. **A servant** ... **trust**, one who though placed in so intimate relation with matters of importance that he ought to become, as it were, part and parcel of them, is yet negligent about them. For **graft**, so to plant as to make to take root in, cp. *A. W.* i. 2. 54—

> "his plausive words
> He scatter'd not in ears, but *grafted* them,
> To grow there and to bear,"

where the contrast is between scattering seed which might be carried off by the fowls of the air and grafting a slip upon a tree.

237, 38. **That seest** ... **jest**, who seeing a game played in real earnest and the heavy stake swept from the board, treats it all as a jest. Cp. *Haml.* iv. 5. 142—

"Is 't writ in your revenge
That, swoopstake, you will *draw* both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?"

Though there, as the Clarendon Press Editors point out, the metaphor is slightly confused.

239-43. **I may be ... forth**, I may be all you say, for there is no man so free from these frailties (negligence, folly, fear), that in the thousand and one occasions of life they do not now and then exhibit themselves. **put forth**, shoot out, as a bud, leaf, branch, etc.

243-51. **In your ... wisest**, to deal with all these charges, I would say, 'If ever I was obstinately negligent in your affairs, such negligence is to be put down to folly, not to intentional betrayal of your interests; if ever, again, my folly was of a deliberate, persistent character, this was due to a want of consideration of the result to be expected; if, lastly, I ever hesitated through fear to do a thing the (successful) issue of which I doubted, anything the execution of which *when done* cried out against the non-performance *of it before*, the fear then shown by me was such as often infects even the very wisest of men.' The interpretation of the clause "whereof ... non-performance" is Singer's. Malone refers to many passages in which Shakespeare has got himself into difficulties with negatives, *e.g. M. V.* iv. 1. 161-163; *Lear*, ii. 4. 140-142; *T. N.* ii. 2. 19, and below, in this play, iii. 2. 55-58 (to which may be added *Macb.* iii. 6. 8-10); but when he says that Shakespeare should have written either 'against the performance' or '*for* the non-performance,' he seems to mistake the sense, since it was for not doing something that he ought to have done that Camillo here apologises.

252. **allow'd**, excused by everybody, permitted without condemnation.

255. **By its own visage**, in its own likeness, as it really was. **if I then ... mine**, if I then disown it, you may believe that it was no offspring of mine. There seems here to be an allusion to a father refusing to acknowledge a child.

256-62. **Ha' not you ... slippery.** The construction is, Have you not seen, or heard, or thought my wife, etc., the clauses "but that's ... horn," "for to ... mute," and "for cogitation ... think" being parenthetical. **Eye-glass** means the retina of the eye, not, as now, a glass worn in front of the eye to aid the sight.

259-60. **For to a ... mute**, for in cases where the fact is so plain to see there is sure to be plenty of gossip about it.

260, 1. **for cogitation ... think**, for a man who does not think such a thing must be entirely without the faculty of thought.

262. **slippery.** See above, note on i. 2. 85.

263-4. **If thou ... say.** Here again the construction is interrupted by a parenthesis, "Or else ... thought"; if you are willing to confess your real thoughts, then you will have to admit that my wife is, etc.; you can avoid doing so only by impudently declaring that you have neither eyes nor ears nor thought.

265. **hobby-horse**, a cant name for a wanton, as in *Oth.* iv. 1. 160.

266. **rank**, coarse. **any flax-wench**, any female spinner of wax, possibly with a reference to the nature of flax. See *T. N.* i. 3. 108-10.

267. **Before her troth-plight.** Betrothal in Shakespeare's day was looked upon as a contract much more binding than the "engagement" of modern times, and was accompanied by certain ceremonies such as the joining of hands before witnesses, see below, iv. 4. 400, *et seqq.*; the exchange of kisses, see *K. J.* ii. 1. 532-535; the interchange of rings, see *T. N.* v. 1. 159-62, *R. III.* i. 2. 202, *T. G. of V.* ii. 5. 5-7. One result of these espousals or betrothals was that subsequent seduction was not considered so heinous as if there had been no contract.

say 't and justify 't, say that she is unchaste, and prove your assertion, as you can easily do.

269. **clouded so**, her character so blackened. **without .. taken,** without taking immediate vengeance on the slanderer.

272, 3. **which to ... true**, to repeat which would be a sin as heinous as that of which you accuse her, even if your accusation were a true one.

274. **meeting noses**, *i.e.* as they kissed.

275, 6. **stopping ... sigh**, stopping in the midst of a laugh to sigh deeply.

277. **breaking honesty**, virtue giving way.

279. **Hours ... midnight**, that hours would pass as quickly as minutes, that noon was midnight. Cp. *Temp.* iv. 1. 29, 30.

280. **Blind ... wet**, one of the popular names for cataract, a film growing over the eye. In *Lear*, iii. 4. 122, "the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet" "gives the web and pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip." Another name for the disease was a pearl in the eye; cp. Middleton, *The Spanish Gipsy*, ii. 1. 166, "A *pearl* in the eye! I thank you for that; do you wish me blind?"

284. **Bohemia**, *i.e.* Polixenes.

286. **and betimes**, and get cured quickly.

291. **a hovering temporizer**, a mere time-server, with no fixed principles.

295. **The running of one glass**, the time which the sand in the hour-glass takes to run from one bulb into the other.

296, 7. **Why he ... neck.** Steevens, whom Dyce follows, says that Polixenes wore her as he would have worn a *medal of her*, round his neck. By some editors *her* has been altered to *his*. In any case the sense is clear, he around whose neck she is so constantly clinging. Malone quotes *H. VIII.* ii. 2. 31-33—

> "A loss of her
> That, like a jewel, *has hung* twenty years
> *About his neck*, yet never lost her lustre";

and Gervais Markham's *Honour in Perfection*, "He hath *hung about the neck* of his noble kinsman, Sir Horace Vere, like a rich jewel."

298. **bare eyes**, etc., had, or owned, eyes that were as fully open to what concerned my honour as to their own advantages, their own special gains, they would do that which should put a stop to any further iniquities between Polixenes and Hermione.

302, 3. **whom I . . worship**, whom I have raised from lower degree and advanced to an honourable position. **to bench** is used intransitively in *Lear*, iii. 6. 40.

305. **galled** is now generally used of producing slight irritation, and so frequently in Shakespeare; here it has a stronger sense. The verb has no connection with the substantive *gall* in the sense of bile, bitterness.

306. **a lasting wink.** Cp. *Temp.* ii. 1. 285, where Antonio is suggesting to Sebastian the murder of Gonzalo—

> "Whiles you
> To the *perpetual wink* for aye might put
> This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence."

307. **were cordial**, would revive my spirits as a cordial, a drink given to stimulate the heart, would do. Shakespeare uses the substantive also, *e.g. R. III.* ii. 1. 41. On the construction **which draught**, etc., see Abb. § 269.

308. **I could.** The emphasis is on *could*. "*Rash* is hasty, as in King Henry IV. Pt. ii. [iv. 4. 48], '*rash* gunpowder.' *Maliciously* is *malignantly*, with effects *openly hurtful*" (Johnson).

311. **crack**, flaw in her virtue. **dread**, used in a good sense, for whom I have such respectful awe.

312. **so ... honourable**, who is of such supreme honour, the primary meaning of the word *sovereign*.

313. **I have ... rot!** Much difficulty has been made of this line. Certain editors would give the words "I ... thee" to Leontes, and in the Globe Edition the latter half of the line is obelized. That the words "I have loved thee" belong to Camillo seems beyond doubt. He is about to protest how dearly he had always loved Leontes and how willingly he would have done him any really good service—to poison Polixenes he cannot consider in that light—when Leontes angrily interrupts him

with the words, "Make ... rot!" The real difficulty is in the meaning to be attached to the word *question*, and in the subject to which it is to be referred. Malone's interpretation, which seems the preferable one, is as follows:—"This refers to what Camillo has just said relative to the queen's chastity, 'I cannot ... mistress.' Not believe it, replies Leontes; make that (*i.e.* Hermione's disloyalty, which is so clear a point) a subject of debate or discussion, and go rot! Dost thou think I am such a fool as to torment myself and to bring disgrace on me and my children without sufficient grounds!" Steevens says, "*Make that thy question*, *i.e.* make the love of which you boast the subject of your future conversation, and go to the grave with it"; but though *question* in this sense is used by Shakespeare, such an interpretation is much less to the point.

314. **so muddy, so unsettled**, in the sense of troubled in mind. We have the word *muddy* again in *T. S.* v. 2. 143—

> "A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
> *Muddy*, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty";

and *muddied* in *Haml.* iv. 5. 81—

> "The people *muddied*,
> Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers
> For good Polonius' death."

The word *unsettled* continues the metaphor of water the bottom of which has been disturbed, and which has not had time to settle and clear itself.

315. **To appoint myself**, to dress myself; Schmidt compares "*drest* in an opinion," *M. V.* i. 1. 91, "*attired* in wonder," *M. A.* iv. 1. 146, "*wrapt* in fears," *Luc.* 456. In the sense of 'equipped,' 'dressed,' 'furnished,' Shakespeare generally qualifies the word by *well* (*royally* below, iv. 3. 603), though in the *T. N. K.* iii. 6. 136, we have "like knight appointed," without any such qualifying adverb. **vexation**, with a stronger sense than the word has now.

318. To complete the metre of this line, Walker would insert *vipers* between *nettles* and *tails:* Steevens proposes "goads *and* thorns, nettles *and* tails."

320. **Who I ... mine**, about whose legitimacy I have no doubts.

321. **ripe moving**, the most complete provocation to do so.

322. **blench**, be so fitful, pass so weakly from one course to another; cp. *M. M.* iv. 5. 5. The force of *I* and *man* here is, Am *I* a likely person to do such a thing as this? nay, would *any* man in the world so falter from the right course? **must believe you**, cannot any longer help doing so.

323. **will fetch off**, make away with him, *i.e.* by poison; cp. *Macb.* i. 7. 20, "The deep damnation of his *taking off*."

325. **Will take** ... **first**, will receive her with the same love and honour that you showed her when first you married her.

326-8. **and thereby** .. **yours.** And in order by so doing to close the malicious mouths of those who otherwise would spread all manner of malicious reports in, etc.

332. **clear**, free from all appearance of suspicion.

333. **keep with**, mix with, associate with.

338. **split'st thine own.** Dost crack thine own by being only half loyal to me.

341. **What case** ... **in.** See Abb. § 86.

344. **Who in rebellion**, etc. Who being a rebel to himself, not truly loyal to his own nature, desires that his subjects should be equally disloyal by doing deeds which show no real fidelity to him (the "obedience," l. 343, demanded of them being no true obedience): not, I think, 'in rebellion with themselves,' as Delius explains it. Somewhat similar is the thought in *J. C.* ii. 1. 67-9.

345. **To do**, see Abb. § 357.

349. **Nor brass**, etc., *i.e.* no record of any kind. **one**, *i.e.* example.

350. **villany**, abstract for concrete, even a villain, much more I who am none. **it**, such a deed. In *example*, Blackstone sees an allusion to the death of Mary, Queen of Scots.

351. **to do 't** ... **breakneck**, to do it and to leave it undone are equally fatal to me.

352. **Happy star** ... **now!** May some good Providence care for my country, now in so evil a plight!

354. **to warp**, to lose that form it once had, to be twisted out of shape, as wood and other things are by change of temperature: to *warp*, in a metaphorical sense, is frequent in Shakespeare. **Not speak?** would he not speak to me, referring to Polixenes having passed him without a word as they met.

356. **None rare**, none of any unusual nature.

357. **such a countenance**, here for such an expression of face.

360. **customary compliment**, ordinary salutation.

361, 2. **Wafting** .. **contempt**, quickly turning his eyes in the opposite direction, and drawing down his mouth in a contemptuous manner. **fall**, trans., as in other passages.

366. **do not.** You must mean *do not*, not *dare not.*

367. **intelligent**, communicative; cp. *Lear*, iii. 1. 125, "*intelligent* of our state." **'tis thereabouts**, that is about the point, that is what you must mean when you say you dare not know; you must mean you dare not communicate to me what you know, for, etc. In *A. C.* iii. 10. 29, "Ay, are you thereabouts?" = is that what you are hinting at?

370. **complexions**, looks; Shakespeare uses the word in a wider sense than that it has nowadays when used literally, viz., the colour of the flesh of the face.

373. **alter'd**, *i.e.* rather in the way he is treated than in himself.

374. **distemper**, state of perturbation.

377. **Make me ... basilisk.** Do not represent me as having the eye of the basilisk; a fabulous serpent whose look killed those on whom it fell: the word also meant large pieces of ordnance ('murdering-pieces' or 'murderers,' as they were sometimes called), and in *H. V.* v. 2. 17, it is used with a pun on the two senses.

379. **regard**, look.

380-3. **thereto ... gentle**, in addition to that an accomplished scholar, a qualification which lends as much ornament to our gentle birth as the noble names of our parents, by descent from whom we get the right to the title of gentlemen. **success** = succession, here only.

384, 5. **which does ... inform'd**, which it is of importance that I should be informed; the expression is redundant.

386. **ignorant concealment**, the secrecy of ignorance, *ignorant* being used in a proleptic sense, that concealment which involves ignorance (on my part).

389-91. **all the parts ... of mine**, all the duties which honourable men acknowledge to be binding upon them, among which to grant this request of mine is by no means the least imperative.

392, 3. **What incidency ... me**, lit. what falling of harm is slowly coming near me? *i.e.* what danger is impending over me?

394. **if to be**, *i.e.* prevented.

396. **charged in honour**, bound by that sense of honour to which you, an honourable man, have appealed.

399, 400. **or both ... night**! or both yourself and I may consider ourselves as lost, may bid farewell to all hopes of life; *good night*, in the sense of 'farewell for ever,' is frequent in Shakespeare, *e.g. A. C.* iv. 10. 30, "Why, then, *good night* indeed."

401. **I am ... you.** Abbott, § 220, takes *him* as representing the old dative and as equivalent to *by him*. This seems impossible. The construction is apparently a confusion between 'I am appointed he who should murder you,' and, 'He appointed *me* to murder you': cp. *K. J.* iv. 2. 165—

> "Of Arthur, *whom* they say is kill'd to-night
> On your suggestion";

Cor. iv. 2. 2—

> "The nobility are vex'd, *whom* we see have sided
> In his behalf";

Temp. iii. 3. 92—

"Young Ferdinand, *whom* they suppose is drown'd."

404, 5. **or been an ... to 't**, or been an instrument employed to screw you up to the perpetration of the deed; Schmidt compares *T. N.* v. 125—

"And that I partly knew the *instrument*
That screws me from my true place in your favour."

Cp. also *Macb.* i. 7. 60—

"But screw your courage to the sticking-place
And we 'll not fail."

Steevens, to show that *vice* was not used in the restricted sense of more modern times, but might mean any kind of machinery, quotes Holinshed, "The rood of Borleie in Kent ... made with diverse *vices* to moove the eyes and lips," etc.

406, 7. **O, then ... jelly**, if such was the case, may the purest blood in my veins become curdled into a diseased, clotted mass.

408. **his**, *i.e.* Judas Iscariot, the betrayer of Christ (*the Best*).

410, 1. **that may ... arrive**, a stench so rank that my approach would be offensive even to those whose sense of smell is dullest. Cp. *Cor.* i. 4. 31-34—

"Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect the other
Against the wind a mile."

413-5. **Swear ... influences**, 'swear-over,' a tmesis for 'overswear,' which word is used in the same sense in *T. N.* v. 276, "And all those sayings will I *overswear*," swear down. Endeavour to overcome his belief by swearing by every star in heaven, and by all the power they have over man. *Influence*, one of the technical terms of astrology.

416. **for to obey.** See Abb. § 152.

417. **or by oath ... or**=either .. or.

420. **The standing of**, etc., accusative of duration of time.

How should ... grow? how is it possible that he should have come to entertain such a belief? See Abb. § 325.

424. **This trunk**, *i.e.* my body, but used here with an allusion to the article of luggage so called.

425. **bear along impawn'd**, carry off with you as a pledge of security for my fidelity.

426. **whisper to the business**, prepare them for our departure by giving them instructions secretly. For the omission of the preposition after *whisper*, see Abb. § 200.

427. **at several ... city**, get them out of the city by different

posterns so as to avoid notice. The word *clear* in such a context looks like an allusion to the clearing of goods at a custom-house.

430. **By this discovery**, by my having discovered, revealed this to you. **be not uncertain**, do not waver.

432, 3. **which if ... stand by**, and if you should test my information by speaking to Leontes, I dare not stay to see the result.

434, 5. **thereon ... sworn**, and whose death as a sequel to his conviction has been predetermined.

436. **I saw ... face.** Steevens quotes *Macb.* i. 4. 12, "To find the mind's construction in the face."

437, 8. **Be pilot ... mine**, be my guide in this matter, and you shall ever have your abode near me; an answer to Camillo's words, "I'll put my fortunes to your service." There may be an allusion to Ruth's touching words to Naomi, *Ruth*, i. 15, "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." Some editors interpret **places** by 'honours'; Singer explains, "I will place thee in elevated rank always near to my own in dignity, or near my person."

439. **my hence departure**, an inversion like "my back return," *H. V.* v. pr. 41. See Abb. § 429.

441. **as she 's rare**, in proportion to her rare excellence.

445. **Profess'd to him**, made professions of the truest friendship.

446. **Fear ... me**, fear throws its gloom over me.

447-9. **Good expedition ... suspicion.** By some editors this passage is looked upon as hopelessly corrupt. If genuine, the meaning probably is that given by Malone:—"Good expedition befriend me by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the queen by removing the object of her husband's jealousy; the queen, who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason the object of his suspicion! We meet with a similar phraseology in *Twelfth Night* [iii. 4. 278], 'Do me this courteous office as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is *something of my negligence*, nothing of my purpose.'" **ill-ta'en** means unjustly conceived. **part of his theme**, Polixenes being the other part. Cp. below, ii. 3. 3—

> "If
> The cause were not in being,—*part of the cause*,
> She the adulteress."

451. **bear'st my life off**, *i.e.* get me away safe from this country. **avoid**, depart, or perhaps separate.

454. **To take the urgent hours**, to seize the opportunity while there is yet time to do so. Cp. *T. C.* iii. 3. 153, "Take the instant way.'

Act II. Scene I.

3. **I 'll none of you,** I will have nothing to do with you.

8. **brows,** *i.e.* eyebrows.

9. **become,** suit. **so that,** provided that.

10, 11. **but in a ... pen,** not thick, but arched like a bow, and delicately shaded as though drawn with a pen.

12. **I learnt ... faces,** by a careful study of women's faces, but possibly with the secondary sense of watching the looks with which women examine each other's personal appearance.

17. **Present our services,** do homage to, respectfully welcome. **one of these days,** before very long. **wanton,** sport, play.

20. **good time ... her** ! may she get over her trouble easily !

21. **What wisdom ... you ?** said playfully ; what are these subjects you are so wisely discussing ?

22. **am for you,** am ready to play with you again.

24. **as you will,** as you please ; it cannot be too merry for my taste.

28. **you 're powerful at it,** I know well how clever you are in frightening us with these goblins you are so fond of (your sprites).

32. **give 't me ... ear,** whisper it to me.

35. **scour,** hurry, scamper off.

36, 7. **How blest ... opinion** ! said ironically : How happy I am in having so rightly judged my wife and Polixenes : 'just censure' and 'true opinion' are identical in meaning, 'censure' in Elizabethan English more often having a colourless than a condemnatory sense.

38, 9. **Alack, for ... blest** ! Alas ! would that my knowledge had been less, my ignorance more complete ; that certainty I was so anxious to gain has now, when gained, turned out a curse. On the advantage of ignorance under such circumstances, cp. *Oth.* iii. 3. 335-47.

39-42. **There may ... infected** : A spider may be in the cup, and, so long as he knows nothing about it, a man may go away, having drunk, without absorbing any poison, so powerful is imagination ; *depart* is a very doubtful reading which Staunton would change to '*deep o't.*' The belief in the poisonous nature of spiders was general at the time and long after ; and that they are so in some countries is an established fact. Staunton and Delius quote Middleton, *No Wit, No Help like a Woman's*, ii. 1. 393—

> "Even when my lips touch'd the contracting cup,
> Even then to see the spider ?"

44. **cracks his gorge**, retches with such violence as if he would split his throat.

45. **hefts**, heavings, retchings.

48. **All 's true ... mistrusted** : all my fears had only too good a foundation.

50. **discover'd**, revealed to Polixenes, cp. above, i. 2. 430.

51. **Remain a pinch'd thing**, Heath explains, "... I am treated as a mere child's baby, a thing pinch'd out of clouts, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please," a sense to which the words "yea, a very trick for them to play at will," perhaps gives some support. Schmidt, *s.v.*, gives "to make ridiculous, to serve a trick," as the meaning here, in *T. S.* ii. 373, and *A. C.* ii. 7. 7. Staunton explains, "a *restrained, nipped, confined* thing." To *pinch*, met., was in Shakespeare's day used in a stronger sense than it now has, *e.g.* 1 *H. IV.* i. 3. 229, "Save how to gall and *pinch* this Bolingbroke."

54, 5. **Which often ... command**, which has often had the same effect, efficacy, as your express order.

57. **some signs of me**, some marks of personal resemblance.

58. **too much blood in him**, too large a share in his physical constitution.

59. **about her**, near her.

62-4. **But I 'd say ... nayward.** If I were merely to say that he had not, you, I am certain, would take my word, however much you were inclined to an opposite belief : '*to* the nay*ward*,' equivalent to 'toward the nay'; Delius quotes the similar expression in *Cor.* i. 6. 32, "And tapers burned *to* bed*ward*"; so, 2 *Corinthians*, xiii. 12, "*to* you *ward*" ; strictly speaking, redundant.

69. **without-door form**, external appearance.

70. **straight**, forthwith, immediately.

72. **O, I am out**, I am wrong, I should have said that *mercy* does use, not *calumny*, for calumny will blast even the very purest virtue in the world, not merely guilt like Hermione's. **sear**, burn as with a hot iron.

75, 6. **When you ... honest** : Before you have time to add to your commendations of her beauty your admiration of her character, you are interrupted by these marks of contempt involuntarily exhibited either in gesture or in words.

79. **most replenish'd**, most complete.

80. **He were ... villain**, his villany would become double what it was before.

81, 2. **You have ... Leontes** : It is not I, says Leontes, that have made a mistake, but you ; and your mistake is taking Polixenes for me, a very strange kind of 'mistake.' **thou thing**, *i.e.* harlot.

83. **a creature of thy place**, one occupying your lofty position.

84. **barbarism**, abstract for concrete, ill-bred people.

86, 7. **And mannerly** ... **beggar**: And between the prince and the beggar make no such distinction as good manners dictate when speaking of them.

90. **A federary.** Malone says we should read *feodary;* Dyce gives *fedary* (which throws the emphasis too strongly on *her*); Steevens and Mason consider *federary* as one of Shakespeare's coinages, and (apparently) as another form of *federate.* In *H. V.* v. 2. 77, we have "a *cursorary* eye" for "a *cursory* eye," and there, as here, the reduplicated syllable is necessary for the metre. Shakespeare also uses contracted forms of words, *e.g. ignomy* for *ignominy*, though this form is not peculiar to him. In Middleton, *The Spanish Gipsy*, we have *temption* for *temptation.*

91, 2. **What she** ... **principal**, what she ought to be ashamed of even if no one except her vile seducer were privy to that knowledge, and not we as well.

93. **A bed-swerver**, one false to her marriage bed.

94. **That vulgars** ... **titles**, whom the lower classes speak of in the coarsest language; for *vulgars*, see Abb. § 433.

96. **to none of this**, to none of these crimes you charge me with.

97, 8. **that you** ... **me!** That you have publicly declared me to be an adultress. **Gentle my lord**, for this transposition see Abb. § 13.

99. **to say**, by saying.

101. **in those** ... **upon**, in the matter of those proofs on which I rest my belief.

102, 3. **The centre** ... **top.** The earth, "as the supposed centre of the world" (Schmidt), is not firm enough to bear the weight of a schoolboy's top; Steevens compares Milton, *Comus*, 597-9—

> "If this fail
> The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
> And earth's base built on stubble."

104. **He who** ... **speaks.** "Far off guilty signifies guilty in a remote degree" (Johnson). **but that**, *i.e.* in merely speaking.

105. **There's** ... **reigns**: see note on i. 2. 195. **aspect**, like *influence*, *predominant*, a technical term in astrology.

109, 10. **the want of** ... **pities**, and possibly this inability of mine to weep may have the effect of drying up the fountain of your pity.

111, 2. **which burns** ... **drown**, which burns with a fierceness that no flow of tears could quench.

113, 4. **With thoughts** ... **me**, judge me with thoughts so tempered with mercy as your charitable disposition may dictate.

115. **Shall I be heard**? said with great impatience, Do you mean to obey my orders and carry her off to prison?

116. **Beseech** ... **with me**, I entreat your majesty to let my women-servants attend me to prison.

118. **good fools**, my foolish but faithful servants.

120. **abound in tears**, weep as abundantly as you will, not for my having been sent to prison, but for my having deserved such punishment.

121, 2. **this action** ... **grace**, my going to prison has been permitted by God for the chastisement and purifying of my nature. Cp. *M. A.* i. 1. 299, "When you went on onward on this ended *action*," though *action* there is of course a warlike action, enterprise. Delius and Schmidt take *action* here for *lawsuit*.

127. **your justice**, *i.e.* what you conceive to be justice.

131. **Please you it**, if you are willing to accept it.

132. **and to you**, and in regard to you. **I mean** ... **her**, when I say 'spotless,' I mean in this matter with which you charge her.

133-5. **If it prove** ... **with her**, "if Hermione prove unfaithful, I'll never trust my wife out of my sight; I'll always go in *couples* with her; and in that respect my house shall resemble a stable where dogs are kept in pairs. Though a *kennel* is a place where a *pack* of hounds is kept, every one, I suppose, as well as our author, has occasionally seen dogs tied up in couples under the manger of a stable" (Malone). This seems a fairly satisfactory explanation of a much controverted passage. Staunton puts a much grosser interpretation upon it; and those who wish to see a fuller discussion can consult Ingleby, *Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, pp. 76-79. None of the many emendations proposed seem satisfactory.

136. **Than when** ... **her**, will not trust her beyond my sight and touch.

140. **for you**, on your behalf.

141. **some putter-on**, some instigator who has an object in deceiving you. To *put on* = to instigate, suggest, etc., is frequent in Shakespeare.

142. **I would land-damn him**. The word *land-damn* is perhaps corrupt, though several interpretations of it have been attempted. Among them, 'to banish from the land,' 'to set breast-deep in the earth and thus cause to die of hunger,' etc. In support of the latter of these explanations Grant White cites *T. A.* v. 3. 179-182—

"Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies."

A correspondent in *Notes and Queries* (quoted by Ingleby) writes, "Forty years ago an old custom was still in use in this district (Buxton). When any slanderer was detected, or any parties discovered in adultery, it was usual to *lan-dan* them. This was done by the rustics traversing from house to house along the 'country side,' blowing trumpets and beating drums or pans and kettles. When an audience was assembled the delinquents' names were proclaimed, and they were thus *land-damned*"; on which Ingleby remarks, "This is plausible; but Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood points out that *landan*, like *randan*, is 'a mere representative of continued noise.' *Land-damning* might mean the 'drier death ashore' mentioned by Proteus in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i. 1. [158], and referred to with infinite humour by Gonzalo in *The Tempest*, i. 1. [71]." Schmidt thinks we ought perhaps to read, "Would I knew the villain, I would—Lord, damn him!" an aposiopesis similar to that in *Cor.* i. 4. 31—

"You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er!"

Of the various unsatisfactory conjectures perhaps the least satisfactory and most amusing is Farmer's '*laudanum* him.'

honour-flawed. Cp. above, i. 2. 322.

145. **The second** ... **five**, the second nine years old and the third five or thereabouts.

148. **To bring** ... **generations**, to beget an adulterous progeny. For *generation* in this sense cp. *Lear*, i. 1. 119.

151, 152. **you smell** ... **nose**, you have no keener perception of this matter than a dead man's nose has of material smells.

152-4. **but I do** ... **feel.** Some stage direction is necessary here to explain *thus*. Hanmer proposes "Laying hold of his arm"; Johnson, "Striking his brows." With the former, *doing* would mean 'on my doing so to you'; with the latter, *you* would be used generically.

154. **instruments**, the fingers; used elsewhere in Shakespeare of various members and organs of the body.

155. **honesty**, those who possess that quality, honest people.

157. For **dungy earth** Steevens compares *A. C.* i. 1. 35—

"*Our dungy earth*
Feeds beasts as man."

What! ... **credit?** do you venture to say you do not believe me?

159. **Upon this ground**, in this matter.

161. **Be blamed** ... **might**, however men might blame you for so hastily suspecting her.

161-3. **Why, what** ... **instigation**! Leontes, speaking almost more to himself than to the First Lord, says in effect, 'Why should I trouble myself to discuss this matter with you, instead of following those inward promptings which are so urgent?' a question of appeal expecting or indicating a negative answer, *i.e.* there is no need for me to do this. See Abb. § 385.

163-5. **Our** ... **this**, it is not that we as king exercise our prerogative of demanding your advice, but that out of our natural goodness of heart we impart this information, and our determination in the matter. It is not for you to argue the point, but gratefully to receive the information we are good enough to give you.

165-7. **which if you** ... **like us**, and if you, either being really stupefied or cunningly pretending to be so, cannot or will not appreciate a fact as clearly as we can, etc. The confusion of construction is due to the parenthesis, "or stupefied ... in skill." Abbott, § 249, takes *which* as equivalent to 'as regards which.' For **relish** cp. *Temp.* v. 1. 23.

169. **the ordering on 't**, the management, disposal of it (on = of). **properly ours**, peculiarly, specially ours; our own proper business.

170-2. **And I wish** ... **overture.** Antigonus assenting says, "It is so, and I only wish that in judging of her guilt or innocence you had been led by such a feeling to confine the matter to your own breast without disclosing it to any one else": for *overture* in this sense, cp. *Lear*, iii. 7. 89.

173. **art most** ... **age**, have become a dotard.

176-9. **which was** ... **deed**, which was a thing as palpable as ever amounted to well-founded suspicion, suspicion that wanted for confirmation nothing but the actual sight, all other circumstances being complete to the deed (the guilt in all other respects being a complete fact). Staunton punctuates, "That lack'd, sight only, nought for approbation," and explains, "That wanted, seeing excepted, nothing for proof." Schmidt takes *touch'd* to mean *roused*, *moved*. **Approbation** = proof, frequent in Shakespeare.

182. **wild**, rash.

185. **of stuff'd sufficiency**, "of abilities more than enough" (Johnson); for *stuffed* in this sense, cp. *M. A.* i. 1. 56, *R. J.* iii. 5. 183.

186. **will bring all**, everything that is necessary. **had**, being received.

187. **spur**, urge me on to complete what I have begun.

191. **give rest to**, satisfy.

192. **Whose** .. **truth**, who from ignorant credulity is not able to arrive at the truth.

194. **From our free person**, we have decided that she should be shut up where she cannot approach us who are accessible to all; *free*, for the sake of the antithesis with *confined*.

195, 6. **Lest that** ... **perform**. For fear that she may have been left behind to carry into execution the treachery planned by Polixenes and Camillo; or, lest it be left to her to carry, etc.: see above, ll. 47 and 90.

198. **raise us**, excite us, cause a commotion among us; yes, says Antigonus, aside, a commotion of laughter, if the real truth were known.

SCENE II.

1. **call to him**, call out to him, not exactly the same as call, summon, him.

4. **What** ... **prison?** a question of appeal, equivalent to 'much less is any prison suitable to you.'

5. **For**, as being.

9-11. **Here 's ado** ... **visitors!** A pretty fuss you are making in your conscientious anxiety to prevent Hermione from seeing me!

13. **So please you**, if you will be good enough to send away your attendants, I will, etc.

19, 20. **Here 's such** ... **colouring**. Your endeavour to make that appear a stain which is not really so is beyond all excuse, palliation; a pun upon the word *colour* in its literal sense, with reference to *stain*, and its metaphorical sense of palliating, giving a specious appearance. **passes** = surpasses, exceeds; frequent in Shakespeare.

22, 3. **As well as** ... **together**: As well as it is possible for one so great to be while in such miserable circumstances, deprived as she is of all those who should be her natural comforters. *to hold together*, lit. to exist without falling to pieces. **on**, upon, in consequence of, as often in Shakespeare.

24. **Which** ... **greater**, than which no delicate lady like her has ever borne greater.

25. **something**, somewhat. **deliver'd**, *i.e.* of a child.

27. **Lusty**, strong and likely to live. **the queen** ... **in 't**, we should now say either 'finds much comfort *in* it,' or 'receives much comfort *from* it.'

29. **I dare be sworn**, of that I am certain.

30. **These ... them!** Curses on these mad freaks of the king! On *shrew* and *beshrew*, see Craik, *Eng. of Shakespeare*, 186. **Lunes**, a Fr. word borrowed by Shakespeare, and apparently peculiar to him; it is admitted on conjecture in *M. W.* iv. 2. 22, *T. C.* ii. 3. 139, *Haml.* iii. 3. 7.

31. **on 't**, of it, the birth of the child.

33-5. **If I ... more.** If in telling him of it I use honied words, *i.e.* if I do not upbraid him soundly, may my tongue never again serve me to express my anger; the more common 'honey-*tongued*' occurs in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 334. **red-look'd anger**, anger manifested by a heightened colour. For **trumpet** in this sense, cp. *M. A.* v. 2. 87, *K. J.* i. 27.

36. **Commend ... queen.** "In this idiomatic or formal phrase the word [commend] has acquired a somewhat peculiar signification. The resolution would seem to be, Give my commendation to him, or, Say that I commend myself to him, meaning that I commit and recommend myself to his affectionate remembrance. So, we have in Latin 'Me totum tuo amori fideique commendo' (*Cicero, Epist. ad Att.*, iii. 20); and 'Tibi me totum commendo atque trado' (*Id. Epist. Fam.*, ii. 6). At the same time, in considering the question of the origin and proper meaning of the English phrase, the custom of what was called *Commendation* in the Feudal System is not to be overlooked: the vassal was said to commend himself to the person whom he selected for his lord. *Commend* is etymologically the same word as *command;* and both forms, with their derivatives, have been applied, in Latin and the modern tongues more exclusively based upon it, as well as in English, in a considerable variety of ways" (Craik, *Eng. of Shakespeare*, 279).

39. **to the loud'st**, 'to' expressing extent, in the most outspoken manner.

39, 40. **We do not ... soften.** In modern English we should more commonly repeat the negative; 'We do not know how he may *not* soften,' etc.

44. **free undertaking**, spontaneous, not, I think, innocent, harmless, as Schmidt takes the word. **miss**, fail to meet with.

47. **presently**, at once, as usually in Shakespeare, and the literal meaning.

49. **hammer'd ... design**, was trying to shape out some such plan; cp. *T. G. V.* i. 3. 18, also (in a trans. sense) 2 *H. VI.* i. 2. 47, and see Abb. § 175.

50. **minister of honour**, any person of high position about the court.

51. **denied**, refused.

52. **that tongue**, such a tongue, *i.e.* such language as I can command.

53. **as boldness ... bosom**, as boldness will assuredly flow from my bosom.

57. **shall incur ... it**, what danger I may run into by passing it.

59-61. **This child ... enfranchised.** This child was a prisoner to the womb, but in no other sense a prisoner, and has now been liberated both by law, which sets free those born in prison of a convict mother, and by the process of nature, which has brought her forth from the womb. 'Franchise,' privileged liberty, from O. Fr. *franc*, free.

63. **If any ... queen**, of the trespass of the queen, if she *has* committed any, which I am sure she has not.

SCENE III.

1. **no rest**, a double negative.

2. **To bear ... thus**, to submit to be tortured in this way without making any effort to avenge myself.

3. **part o' the cause.** Cp. above, i. 2. 448.

4. **harlot king**, "orig. used of either sex indifferently; in fact, more commonly of men in Mid. Eng. It has not either a very bad sense, and means little more than 'fellow.' 'He was a gentil *harlot* and a kind,' Chaucer, C. T. 649. 'A sturdy *harlot* (a stout fellow) wente hem ay behind,' id. 7336. Of disputed origin, but presumably Teutonic, viz. from the O.H.G. *karl*, a man" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict. s.v.*). Elsewhere Shakespeare uses the word of men as well as of women, and, as here, in an adjectival sense.

5, 6. **out of ... brain**, "beyond the aim of any attempt that I can make against him. *Blank* and *level* are terms of archery" (Johnson); or rather of archery and gunnery too, *e.g. Haml.* iv. 1. 42, "As *level* as the cannon to his *blank*." **plot-proof**, as we say '*shot*-proof,' *i.e.* proof against shot.

6, 7. **but she .. me**, but her (as we should say) I *can* get hold of, though I cannot reach him. **say that**, suppose that, etc. **a moiety**, Lat. *medietas*, but here, as elsewhere in Shakespeare, used loosely for a part, not the precise half.

11. **discharged**, got rid of.

12. **To see**, how wonderful to witness is his nobleness!

13. **Conceiving**, taking it into his conception, and so adopting it. **took 't deeply**, felt it most keenly; but perhaps with an allusion to taking, catching a disease.

16. **Threw off**, at once lost his former good spirits; though with the idea of his doing so voluntarily, actively.

17. **solely**, alone.

18. **him**, Polixenes.

19-23. **The very** .. **her**, the mere thought of taking vengeance upon him rebounds upon me with double pain. **in himself**, in those who are confederate and those in alliance with him he is too powerful for anything of that kind; to get at him I must wait till some opportunity offers; as to present vengeance, let me take it upon her. That **alliance**, as something distinct from **parties**, means alliance *by relationship*, is clear from the passage in *Dorastus and Fawnia* quoted by Malone, "Pandosto, although he felt that *revenge* was a spur to warre, ... yet he saw Egisthus was not only of great puissance and prowesse to withstand him, but also had many kings of his *alliance* to ayd him ... ; *for he married the Emperor of Russia's daughter.*" But Shakespeare, as Malone remarks, "whether from forgetfulness or design, has made this lady the wife (not of Egisthus, the Polixenes of this play, but) of Leontes." For the confusion of proximity caused by *revenges* coming between *thought* and *recoil* see Abb. § 412.

25, 6. **They** ... **power**, they *should* not if, etc., and certainly she who *is* within my reach *shall* not laugh at me.

26. **be second to me**, second me in my efforts instead of hindering me.

27, 8. **Fear you** ... **life**? are your fears for yourselves, in regard to the consequences of his anger, greater than your fears for her life?

30. **free**, innocent, pure.

That 's enough, enough and more than enough, for he is absurdly, ridiculously jealous. Cp. below, 71, "which is *enough*, I warrant."

32. **at him**, near him. **so hot**, so hasty.

34. **like shadows**, with your noiseless steps, treating him as you would treat some one dangerously ill. For **each** see Abb. § 12.

36. **Nourish** ... **awaking**, give strength and nutriment to the madness which prevents his rest.

37. **with words** ... **true**, words both true and healing in their nature, healing *because* true, and in intention as honest as they are true and healing.

40, 1. **needful** ... **highness**, 'gossips' here in the sense of sponsors at baptism. **for your highness**, *i.e.* who are to act as sponsors at the baptism of your newly-born child.

45. **displeasure's peril**, peril of incurring your displeasure.

47-51. **From all** ... **me.** Yes, replies Paulina, he *can* restrain

me from all that it would be dishonourable for me to do; but in this matter, unless he imitate you in committing his wife to prison for doing what is honourable, be sure he shall not restrain me; nothing but such forcible means will have any effect with me. Of course *commit* and *committing* are used in two different senses, and in the latter case the sarcasm consists in applying to the word *honour* a term which is properly applied to what is dishonourable, sinful, criminal.

50-2. **La you now** ... **stumble**, there you see how she will talk, she does not hesitate to scold even your highness: when once she takes the bit between her teeth, I never try to rein her in; but, unlike other jades, she will not stumble when thus given the rein; nothing will stop her gallop until she pulls up of her own accord from mere weariness. **I come**, I approach your presence.

55-7. **yet that dare** ... **yours**, a counsellor, and yet one who in the matter of encouraging your ailments (*evils* here used ambiguously of his folly as well as his troubles) dares to appear less loyal than some of those who make the greatest professions of loyalty. "*Comforting*," says Staunton, "is here employed in the old and forensic sense of *encouraging*, *abetting*," etc.

60, 1. **And would** ... **you**, and would by combat in the lists establish her innocence, if I were a man, even the weakest in your court. **to make good** a thing, meaning to establish or maintain it, is very frequent in Shakespeare; and I do not think that Schmidt is correct in saying that in this sense the two words are never separated by the object.

62, 3. **Let him** ... **me**, let him who cares nothing about his eyes be the first to lay hands upon me in order to turn me out, for assuredly I will scratch them out of his face.

65. **is good**, *is* emphatic, however you may sneer.

67. **A mankind witch.** "A *mankind* woman is yet used in the midland counties for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous" (Johnson). "The epithet *mankind* was applied even to beasts in the sense of '*ferocious*, etc. *Manticore*. A rauenous and mankind Indian beast.' Cotgrave's Fr. and Eng. Dict." (*id*). In Chapman's *All Fools*, i. 4, we have "Good Signior Cornelio, be not too *mankind* against your wife," and in Dekker's *Satiromastix*, "If she should prove *mankind*," etc.

A most .. **bawd!** One who is always busy carrying messages, etc., between two parties.

71, 2. **Which** ... **honest.** And if I am as honest as you are mad, I shall easily pass muster for honesty among people of the present day, for there can be little question as to your madness.

74, 5. **thou art** ... **here.** Thou art henpecked, and driven from thy roost, frightened out of house and home, by this noisy mate

of thine. "*Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story book of *Reynard the Fox*" (Steevens). To *tire* in the sense of to tear a prey is used by Shakespeare both literally and metaphorically.

76. **crone** "is an old toothless sheep; thence an old woman" (Steevens), who quotes the use of the word in Chaucer, Heywood, etc. It is common enough in modern English.

76-9. **For ever ... upon 't!** For ever accursed be your hands if you venture to take up by the name of bastard the princess upon whom he has sought to fix that stigma. **Forced**, a designation put upon the babe in defiance of truth. For **base** in this sense Malone quotes *Lear*, i. 2. 10—

"Why brand they us
With *base*, with *baseness*, bastardy, *base*, *base?*"

The term '*base*-born' is still in use.

81. **A nest of traitors!** cp. *H. V.* ii. pr. 21, "a *nest* of hollow bosoms."

82. **Nor I, nor any**, etc. The only traitor here is himself, for he has been untrue to himself, his queen, his son, his daughter, in casting a slur upon them that pierces more deeply than the thrust of a sword. Douce compares *Cymb.* iii. 4. 35, "'tis *slander*, Whose edge is sharper than the sword."

86-9. **and will not ... opinion**, and will not,—I say, will not of his own accord,—for, alas! placed as he is, it is impossible to compel him,—once for all (as is in his power) discard that on which his opinion is based, an opinion which, etc. **Remove the root of his opinion**, is equivalent to 'root out his opinion.'

90. **callat**, "a trall, a drab, a jade" ('Goguenelle, a fained title, or tearme, for a wench; like our Gixie, Callet, Minx,' etc., Cotgrave's *Fr. and Eng. Dict.*)" (Dyce, *Gloss. s.v.*). **boundless**, that knows no limit. **beat** and **bait** with a pun, as in *T. S.* iv. 1. 209, "kites that *bait* and *beat* and will not be obedient."

96. **And, might we**, etc. And if we might apply the old proverb to you, we should say, In being like you it is all the worse. Staunton quotes Overbury's *Works*, ed. 1616, "The devill cals him his white sonne, *he is so like him, that he is the worse for it*, and hee lokes after his father," *i.e.* takes after his father in looks.

98. **print**, type; **matter** and **copy** are also technical terms here.

100. **The trick of 's frown**, the peculiar form of his frown: Dyce, following Hanmer, alters *valley* into *valleys*. Whether sing. or pl., its meaning is made clear by 'the pretty dimples' in the next line.

104. **which**, see Abb. § 265.

106. **The ordering of the mind**, the regulating of its complexion, character. **yellow**, the colour of jealousy, which in *M. V.* iii. 2. 110, is called 'green-eyed,' and in *Oth.* iii. 3. 106,

'the green-eyed monster.' Dekker, *The Wonder of a Kingdom*, iv. 1. 15, writes—

> "Hast not a *saffron* shirt on too? I fear th' art
> Troubled with the *green-sickness*, thou look'st wan,"

where "a *saffron* shirt" means an attack of jealousy.

107, 8. **lest she ... husband's.** Of course, as Malone points out, a wife could not, unless she herself was unfaithful, doubt whether her children were by her husband; but the expression is merely a general way of praying that she may not, when grown to womanhood, have a mind diseased with jealousy as Leontes' is.

109. **lozel.** On this word in Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 4. 1, Mr. Kitchin (*Gloss.*) remarks, "an idle loose fellow, a runagate. . . Chaucer has *lorel* for a good-for-nothing fellow. . . *losel* is from A.S. *losian*, to be *lost*, to run away."

110. **stay,** stop. **Hang,** *i.e.* if you hang.

113, 4. **A most ... more.** No husband, however bad, can do more, be more tyrannical.

115, 6. **It is ... in 't.** If you do burn me, it will be you who make the fire that is the heretic, not I who burn in it. On **that** and **which** in these two lines, see Abb. § 260.

116. **I 'll not . tyrant.** I will not go so far as actually to call you a tyrant, but at the same time your treatment of your wife smacks somewhat of tyranny.

118. **Not able,** *i.e.* you not being able. **weak-hinged,** "supported by a weak hinge, ill-founded" (Schmidt), who compares *Oth.* iii. 3. 365—

> "That the probation bear no *hinge* nor loop
> To hang a doubt on."

In the expression *weak-kneed,* used metaphorically, the idea is the same.

122-4. **Were I .. one.** Where would be her life, what would it be worth (*i.e.* it would be worth nothing), if I were really a tyrant; if she really believed I was one, she would take good care not to call me so.

126. **Look to ... spirit!** Take care of her, and may God send her some one better fitted to guide her than you are in your present frame of mind.

127-9. **What needs ... you.** There is no need of your being so officious in pushing me out: you who are so tender in your treatment of him, giving in to all his foolish fancies, will never do him any good; he needs much more drastic treatment, such as I have attempted.

132, 3. **Even thou ... o'er it.** It shall be you, who show such

tenderness regarding it, that I will choose for the deed, you and nobody else.

136. **If thou ... wrath.** If you should refuse, and are determined boldly to face my wrath; this seems to be the force of 'wilt' here, but see Abb. § 348.

142. **fellows**, peers, equals.

143. **in 't**, as to this matter.

147. **give ... credit**, show greater belief in our words.

150. **recompense**, strictly speaking, can only be for what is past; the word we use in such a sense in regard to the future is 'earnest.' **dear services**, services studiously rendered.

151. **this purpose**, *i.e.* of throwing the babe into the fire.

154. **I am ... blows**: I am, it seems, in your opinions, like a feather to be blown here and there by every wind; said with the ironical contempt of one who believes strongly in his own firmness, though he immediately afterwards justifies by his vacillation the very opinion at which he is sneering.

158. **it shall ... neither**, and yet it shall not: a redundant negative.

160. **With Lady ... there.** Margery, as a homely name, is applied contemptuously to Paulina, who is also in the same spirit called not Antigonus' wife but his midwife, with reference to her anxiety to save the life of the babe.

162. **this beard.** Dyce reads *thy* for *this*, since it must be Antigonus who is referred to, Leontes himself being too young to have a grey beard. It is quite possible that *this* was caught by the compositor's eye from the line above; but, on the other hand, *this* may be said as Leontes touches Antigonus' beard, much in the same way as above, ii. 1. 153, "As you feel doing *thus*."

164. **may undergo ... impose**, anything that I am capable of undertaking, and that you may honourably enjoin upon me.

166. **pawn**, venture, hazard; in which sense Shakespeare uses the substantive also.

168. **by this sword**; the handle of the sword being in the form of a cross, it was customary to swear by it. So *Haml.* i. 5. 154, and elsewhere.

170. **see'st thou**, *i.e.* take care to, etc. **fail**, failure; see below, v. 1. 27.

172. **lewd-tongued**, scurrilous, foul-mouthed. On the history of the word *lewd* see Skeat, *Ety. Dict.* s. v. **for this time**, for this occasion.

174. **liege-man**, "faithful, subject, true, bound by feudal tenure" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*), which see. **that thou carry**, see Abb. § 369.

178. **without more mercy**, without showing it any more mercy.

179. **as by strange fortune.** Delius quotes from Greene's Novel, "For he found out this devise, that seeing (as he thought) it came by fortune, so he would commit it to the charge of fortune."

182. **commend it strangely,** "commit it to some place, *as a stranger*, without more provision" (Johnson).

185. **had been,** would have been.

186, 7. **kites and ravens ... wolves and bears,** in the former expression there is probably a reference to Elijah's being fed by ravens (see *Kings*, xvii. 4. 6), in the latter to Romulus and Remus being suckled by wolves. Natives of India will be familiar with stories of wolf-children.

189, 90. **Sir, be ... require,** to a greater extent than this deed deserves; cp. iii. 2. 64. A sort of farewell, as though Antigonus knew that he was never to see the king again.

192. **condemn'd to loss!** *i.e.* to exposure, similar to that of a child whom its parents have lost (Malone), who refers to iii. 3. 49-51.

194, 5. **are come .. since,** we should now say 'came an hour since, or ago;' **please your highness,** if it please, etc.; see Abb. § 297.

196. **well,** safely.

197. **hasting,** and are hastening.

198. **beyond account,** such as has never been known before.

200, 1. **will have .. appear,** has determined in his divine will that the truth shall quickly be made known.

202. **arraign,** call to account; O. Fr. from Lat. *ratio.*

207. **think ... bidding.** take care that it is performed.

Act III. Scene I.

2. **isle,** Shakespeare may or may not have known his geography better, but he takes the "Isle of Delphos" from Greene's Novel.

3. **The common ... bears,** the praise that is commonly bestowed upon it.

4. **For most it caught me,** for that was what most attracted my attention. **it** comprehends the dresses and the manner in which they were worn by the priests, *i.e.* the bearing of the priests in their consecrated dresses.

8. **i' the offering,** when being offered.

11. **That I was nothing,** that I was utterly bewildered, and conscious only of my insignificance and littleness.

14. **the time ... on't.** "If the event prove fortunate to the Queen, *the time which we have spent in our journey is worth the trouble it hath cost us.* In other words, the happy issue of our journey will compensate for the time expended in it, and the fatigue we have undergone" (Malone).

15. **These proclamations**, from the Novel (quoted by Delius), "He therefore caused a generall *proclamation* to be made," etc.

16. **forcing faults**, imputing them to her ; cp. above, ii. 3. 78, "*forced* baseness."

17. **the violent** ... **business.** The headstrong manner in which Leontes has proceeded will clear up all doubts, or at all events will settle the matter once for all.

19-21. **thus**, he touches or points to the sealed packet containing the oracle : **divine**, priest : **discover**, reveal : **something rare** ... **knowledge**, some unexpected and important disclosure will suddenly burst upon us.

21. **go** : here Dyce inserts as a stage direction [To attendant.], and some such direction is evidently necessary.

Scene II.

1. **sessions.** Shakespeare does not appear to have elsewhere used the plural form of this word with an adjective in the singular. Hence Theobald, who is followed by Dyce, reads *session.* **to our** ... **pronounce**, we say it with deep sorrow.

2. **Even** ... **heart.** *Even* goes with *heart.* Steevens quotes *Macb.* iii. 1. 117, 8—

> "That every minute of his being *thrusts*
> *Against my near'st of life.*"

3. **The daughter**, etc., *i.e.* being the daughter, etc. **too much**, *i.e.* considering how false she has been to us.

4, 5. **Let us** ... **tyrannous**, the fact that we proceed with such open justice ought to free us from the charge of being tyrannical.

7. **Even** .. **purgation.** Roderick, whom Steevens seems to follow, explains *even* as=*equal* or *indifferent :* it seems to me to have the more ordinary sense of extent ; the regular course of justice is to proceed until the guilt or innocence of Hermione is fully established.

16. **the pretence**, the design, intention, as frequently in Shakespeare ; almost word for word from the novel, "But their *pretence* being *partely* spyed, she *counselled them to flie away* by *night for their better safety.*" For *fly* we should say *flee.*

20. **am to say**, have to say.

24-26. **mine integrity** ... **received.** "That is, my *virtue* being accounted *wickedness*, my assertion of it will pass but for a *lie. Falschood* means both *treachery* and a *lie*" (Johnson).

26. **But thus**, but as I have to speak, this is what I say.

30. **patience**, endurance such as mine. Malone quotes from the novel, "If the *divine powers* be privie to *human actions* (*as*

no doubt they are), I hope my *patience* shall make fortune *blush*, and my unspotted life shall stayne spiteful discredit."

31. **Who least** ... **do so**, and yet you are least willing to own to such knowledge.

33. **which is more**, *i.e.* my misery. **can pattern**, can parallel, give an example of.

35. **to take**, so constructed as to greatly interest.

36. **fellow**, sharer. **owe** = own, as frequently in Elizabethan English.

40. **Who please**, *i.e.* any or all who, etc.

40, 1. **For life** ... **spare**, as for life, I regard it exactly as I regard grief, as a thing which I would gladly get rid of. This seems to be the meaning if the reading is genuine; but Staunton may be right when he says that *grief* must surely be an error. "Hermione means that life to her is of as little estimation as the most trivial thing which she would part with; and she expresses the same sentiment shortly after in similar terms—

'No life,—
I prize it not *a straw*.'

Could she speak of 'grief' as a trifle, of no moment or importance?" Daniel proposes 'speech' or 'breath.' Perhaps for 'prize' we should read 'peize,' which corresponds exactly with 'weigh,' avoids a repetition in l. 108, and gives us a word neutral in sense.

41-3. **for honour** ... **for**, as regards honour, it is a heritage from me to my children, and it is for this only, as being a matter of importance, that I fight. Steevens refers to *Ecclesiasticus*, iii. 11, "The glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and *a mother in dishonour is a reproach unto her children*."

45, 6. **how I** ... **be so**, I appeal to you to admit how high I stood in your good graces, and how deservedly so.

47, 8. **With what** ... **thus.** In this much-discussed passage Staunton paraphrases, "By what unwarrantable familiarity have I lapsed, that I should be made to stand as a public criminal thus."

48-50. **if one jot** ... **inclining**, if I have lapsed (strain'd) a hair's breadth beyond the limit of virtue, inclining towards that excess either in act or intention. Delius puts a comma after 'or,' *i.e.* or if I have inclined that way in will or act.

53-5. **I ne'er heard** ... **first.** Reference has already been made (in note on i. 2. 243-51) to the excess of negatives here. I never heard that any of these bolder vices (*i.e.* the perpetrators of them) lacked shamelessness in denying their deeds equal to that shown in committing them.

56. **due to me**, applicable to me.

57-9. **More than** ... **acknowledged.** To Leontes' taunt that the

saying *does* apply to her, only she will not admit it, Hermione replies, "It is not for me to acknowledge myself possessor of more than belongs to me under the title of fault; to these 'bolder vices' I have no claim." *Due*, *own*, *mistress*, and *comes to me*, all seem to be used in a quasi-legal sense. **comes to me**, *i.e.* by inheritance from our first parents; cp. i. 2. 74, 5, "the imposition clear'd Hereditary ours." For **mistress**, cp. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 4, "more mirth than I am *mistress* of."

59. **For Polixenes**, etc. Here, and in reference to Camillo lower down, Shakespeare is following very closely the language of the novel.

61. **as in** ... **required**, as was fitting in the case of one of so high honour; as one so honourable as Polixenes deserved.

65. **had been**, would have been.

66. **disobedience**, referring to him, **ingratitude** to his friend; cp. below, ll. 164, 5 of this scene—

> "Though I with death and with
> Reward did threaten and encourage him."

67-9. **whose love** ... **yours.** Whose love to you had shown itself abundantly from the earliest days that it could be shown, even when Polixenes was but a child. *Love* is personified.

69-71. **Now**, ... **how.** As for conspiracy, with which, as with infidelity, you have charged me, I am an utter stranger to its taste, and *should be so* even if it were served up for me to try: I should not know that conspiracy was conspiracy even if I were brought into close contact with it.

74. **Wotting no more**, *i.e.* if they know no more.

79. **stands in** ... **dreams**; not exactly *within the reach*, as Johnson says, but in a direct line with, and so in danger of being hit. On **level**, see above, ii. 3. 6.

80. **Your** ... **dreams**; what you call my dreams are your actions.

82. **but dream'd it**, merely dreamed it; with grim irony.

82, 3. **As you** ... **truth.** As, like all whose deeds are the same as yours, you were then past all shame, so now in denying your guilt, you are past all sense of truth. For **fact** Walker would read *sect*, as suggested by Farmer.

84. **Which** . . **avails.** To deny which may be a matter of importance to you, but will have no effect upon me.

85. **like to itself**, with the disgrace that properly belongs to it.

86, 7. **which is** ... **it**, in which matter it is you who are to blame, not the child.

88. **in whose** ... **passage**, in the most merciful administration of which you need not expect anything less than death; death

might of course be made more or less terrible by the way in which it was inflicted.

90. **bug**, terrifying spectre, bugbear, as elsewhere in Shakespeare.

91. **commodity**, gain, advantage, as frequent in Shakespeare.

92. **The crown ... life**, Malone quotes *Cymb.* i. 6. 4—

> "O that husband!
> My supreme *crown* of grief!"

93. **I do ... lost**, I regard as lost.

94. **My second**, *i.e.* as to my second joy.

97. **Starr'd ... unluckily**, born under a most unlucky star; cp. *R. J.* i. pr. 6, "A pair of *star-cross'd* lovers," "*ill-starr'd*," *Oth.* v. 2. 272.

98. **it**, see Abb. § 228.

99. **every post**, every public notice-board; "at the doors of sheriffs were usually set up ornamented posts, on which royal and civic proclamations were fixed" (Dyce, *Gloss.*).

100-2. **with immodest ... fashion**, with immoderate malice refused those privileges which are allowed to women of all ranks when in child-birth.

104. **strength of limit** is supposed to mean "the limited degree of strength which it is customary for women to acquire before they are suffered to go abroad after child-bearing" (M. Mason).

106. **That I**, etc., which should make me fear death.

107. **no life**, a note of admiration seems necessary after *no*, unless *for* be the right reading, as Dyce and others edit.

108-12. **but for ... law.** But as regards my honour, which I *am* anxious to free from stain (cp. above, ll. 44-6), I tell you that if it shall turn out that I be condemned upon mere suspicion, and with no other proofs than those which your jealous fancies call into being, such condemnation is mere vengeful harshness and not law; the words in the novel are "therefore *if she were condemned without any further proofe, it was rigour and not law.*"

112, 3. **Your .. oracle!** You honourable men, I appeal to the oracle.

117. **The Emperor of Russia**, see note on ii. 3. 21.

119-21. **that he ... revenge!** Would that he could only see my utter misery, and see it, as he would, with eyes of pity, not, as Leontes does, with eyes of revenge! *Flat* also, as an adjective and as an adverb, is used by Shakespeare in the sense of complete, thorough.

129. **Break up**, open; so *M. V.* ii. 4. 10, "to *break up* this" (letter).

135. **even so**, exactly as.

140. **to report it**, for reporting it.

141, 2. **with mere ... speed**, at the mere idea and fear of the queen's evil plight; the old sense of *speed* was 'help,' 'success,' but like the latter word it was often qualified by 'good,' 'evil,' etc. **conceit**: "... the noun *conceit*, which survives with a limited meaning (the conception of a man by himself, which is so apt to be one of over-estimation), is also frequent in Shakespeare with the sense, nearly, of what we now call *conception* in general ..." (Craik, *Eng. of Shakespeare*, 142). **conceit and fear** is a hendiadys for 'fearful apprehension.'

146. **And see ... doing.** And see how busy death is.

147. **Her heart ... o'ercharged**: it is merely excess of emotion that has caused her to faint.

150. **Some . . life.** Some remedies which will restore her to consciousness.

154. **of truth, of mercy**, of truth, aye, not only of truth but also of mercy, for when I wished to have Polixenes poisoned, it was he who prevented me.

157. **for the minister**, as the agent.

159, 60. **tardied ... command**, delayed the execution of the command which I desired to be so swiftly carried out, and so frustrated my purpose altogether.

160, 1. **though I ... done**, though I did threaten him with death if he did not do it, did encourage him by hope of reward if he did it; cp. *A. C.* iv. 12. 8, 9—

> "His fretted fortunes gave him hope and fear
> Of what he has, and has not."

And *H. V.* iv. 8. 116, 7. On the omission of *it* before 'being done,' see Abb. § 378.

164. **Unclasp'd my practice**, revealed my plot; cp. *T. N.* i. 4. 13.

165. **to the hazard**, Dyce, following the second folio, inserts *certain* before *hazard*, and Walker considers the insertion "unquestionably right."

167. **No richer ... honour**; having no other possession but his honour. Staunton, putting a full stop after 'commended,' connects 'No richer,' etc., with what follows.

167-8. **how he ... rust!** How brightly his nobleness of character comes out from beneath the dark growth of cruelty and suspicion which has overlaid mine! **Thorough** for *through*, as elsewhere in Shakespeare. **piety**, virtue, nobleness.

169. **Does ... blacker.** "This vehement retractation of Leontes, accompanied by the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt" (Johnson).

Woe the while! Woe *to* or *for* the time! Shakespeare also uses "alas the while!" "bad world the while!"

170. **my lace**, the lacing of her stays. 172. **fit**, mad outbreak.

173. **studied torments**, prepared with studious malignity.

175. **In leads or oils**, *i.e.* cauldrons of molten lead or boiling oil.

176. **Must I receive**, am I destined to endure? **whose ... worst**, I whose every word will cause you such pangs as will deserve the utmost extremity of your vengeance; *worst* used as a substantive: cp. "my *near'st* of life," *Macb.* iii. 1. 118.

179. **Fancies ... nine**, in apposition to 'jealousies'; fancies so baseless that even a boy would be ashamed to entertain them, nay, even girls of nine would regard them as absurd and childish.

182. **spices of it**, slight tastes of it, *sc.* your jealousy; cp. *Cor.* iv. 7. 46—

"but one of these—
As he hath *spices* of them all, not all."

183. **'twas**, 'it' is redundant.

184, 5. **That did .. ingrateful.** Johnson explains this, "*It* showed thee first a fool, then inconstant and ungrateful"; and Steevens illustrates the construction from Phaer's translation of the *Æneid*, "When this the young men heard me speak, *of wild they waxed wood*," *i.e.* from being merely wild, they became quite mad. Abbott (wrongly, I think) says, "*i.e.* 'as regards a fool,' in the matter of folly." Cp. *Par. Lost*, iv. 153, "*of* pure now purer air Meets his approach."

186, 7. **Thou wouldst ... king.** You wished to taint Camillo's honour in order that he might not hesitate to kill a king. Malone objects that Paulina was absent when Leontes made his confession; but surely it might have been repeated to her.

188. **More ... by**, in the presence of, beside, more monstrous ones.

190. **To be ... little**; among which sins your cruelty to your baby-daughter is, comparatively speaking, nothing, or at all events little.

190, 1. **though ... done 't**: though even a devil in the midst of the fire in which he was burning (and where no water is) would have had his eyes moistened with tears ere he would have done such a deed.

192, 3. **Nor ... prince.** Here, again, *it* is redundant; or rather, perhaps, there is a confusion of constructions between 'Nor is it laid to thee that thou didst kill,' etc., and 'Nor is the death of the prince laid to you.' **laid**, ascribed, laid at your door, as we say.

196. **Blemish'd**, should have defiled the character of, etc.

197. **Laid to thy answer**; brought against you as a crime for which you will have to answer.

198. **When I have said**, when I have spoken that which I have to speak.

200. **Not ... yet**, *i.e.* as we might have expected. **forbid**, *i.e.* that she should be dead.

201, 2. **If word ... not**, we should now say either, 'If neither word nor oath prevail,' or, 'If words, or even an oath, do not prevail.'

203. **Tincture ... eye**, colour in her lip or brightness in her eye.

205-7. **But ... stir.** But it is no use your attempting to repent such crimes, for they are far too heavy for any remorse of yours to affect in the slightest degree, you might just as well hope to remove mountains by a mere wish.

209. **Ten ... together**, during the space of, etc. **naked, fasting**, *i.e.* though these knees that knelt were bare, and though the suppliants to whom they belonged were fasting all the time.

210, 1. **and still ... perpetual**, and though it were ever winter, and winter in a state of perpetual storm. **could not move**, the subject is 'A thousand loves.'

212. **To look ... wert.** Even to turn their eyes in your direction, much less to pardon you.

213, 4. **I have ... bitterest.** I have deserved that all tongues should, etc., see Abb. § 354.

215. **Howe'er ... speech.** Whatever may be the result, you are to blame for speaking so bitterly.

216. **I am sorry for 't**, for having spoken so bitterly.

220, 1. **What's gone ... grief.** Steevens compares *R. II.* ii. 3. 171—

> "Things past redress are now with me past care."

221, 2. **do not ... petition**: Delius points out that this refers to Paulina's words (ll. 207, 8), "therefore betake thee to nothing but despair." For 'receive' Staunton proposes 'revive.'

223. **minded**, put you in mind of.

228. **remember you**, remind you.

229, 30. **take your ... nothing.** Arm yourself with patience, and you shall hear no more reproaches from me.

230-2. **Thou didst .. thee.** You spoke nothing but what was well when most plainly you spoke out the truth (*i.e.* in your reproaches); and such plain speaking I can better brook than to be pitied by you, for pity cuts me to the very heart.

234. **upon them,** upon the one grave which contains their two bodies.

236. **Our,** speaking as a king.

238. **my recreation,** the only form of relief I will allow myself.

239. **exercise,** used in the special sense of *penance,* as in *Oth.* iii. 4. 41.

241. **these sorrows,** these sorrowful sights, the dead bodies of his wife and child.

SCENE III.

1. **perfect,** certain, well assured; cp. *Cymb.* iii. 1. 73, iv. 2. 118.

4. **present,** immediate. **In my,** we should say '*on* my.'

5. **that we ... hand,** our business.

11. **loud weather,** stormy, boisterous; cp. *Haml.* iv. 7. 22.

13. **keep,** dwell.

17. **walk again,** appear on earth, as frequent in Shakespeare.

20. **some,** *i.e.* some times, as though the previous 'sometimes' had been written as two words.

21, 2. **I never ... becoming.** If the reading is right here, the meaning probably is, a vessel so filled with sorrow, and with sorrow that was so becoming, suitable. *Vessel* is here used in its literal and also in its metaphorical (originally biblical) sense of a *person;* cp. *J. C.* v. 5. 13—

> "Now is that noble *vessel* full of grief
> That it runs over even at his eyes."

Some editors (possibly with this passage in their minds) would read "so fill'd and so *o'er-running.*" Lettsom is very scornful at the idea of "becoming" being applied to a person, *i.e.* Hermione; but it seems allowable to suppose that it was the sorrow that was so "becoming" to her. Staunton explains "becoming" by *self-restrained*

23. **very sanctity,** sanctity itself.

26. **Became ... spouts,** burst forth in torrents of tears. **the fury spent,** her passionate outbreak being over.

28. **better disposition,** in opposition to the natural bent of your kindly nature.

30. **according ... oath,** see above, ii. 3. 184.

31. **remote,** deserted, removed from all habitation.

32. **for the babe**, since the babe is, etc. For **weep** Dyce, following Collier's MS. Corrector, would read *wend*.

33. **Perdita**, *i.e.* lost one.

35. **Put on**, enjoined thee.

39. **This was ... slumber.** This was reality, not a dream.

39-41. **Dreams ... this.** Dreams are mere empty nothings, and yet for this once I will allow my belief to be shaped, guided, by this one. **superstitiously**, most religiously; and so the adjective in *H. VIII.* iii. 1. 131.

45. **Either ... death**, either to live or die, as it may be his will.

46. **right**, true. **Blossom**, fair floweret. For **thee**, see Abb. § 212.

47. **character**, that which marks what you are; "the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita" (Steevens).

48, 9. **Which may ... thine.** This (the bundle containing clothes and money which he lays down beside her) may serve for your maintenance and ever remain with you (possibly as marks of identification). Staunton says, "The meaning is manifestly,—'Poor Blossom, good speed to thee! which may happen, despite thy desolate condition, if Fortune please to adopt thee (thou pretty one!) and remain thy constant friend';" the intermediate line,—"There lie," etc., being of course parenthetical.

50, 1. **exposed to loss**, see above, ii. 3. 192.

55. **A lullaby too rough**, Malone quotes from the novel, "Shalt thou have the *whistling winds* for thy *lullaby*, and the salt seafome, instead of sweet milke."

56. **A savage clamour**, *i.e.* of the dogs and hunters pursuing the bear.

57. **Well ... aboard!** It is high time that I got aboard, or, May I get safely aboard! **the chase**, that which they are pursuing, the quarry.

59, 60. **I would ... rest.** I wish there were no age between mere boyishness (*i.e.* ten years) and years of discretion (*i.e.* three and twenty), or that youths would sleep out the interval.

61. **in the between**, in the intervening years. the **ancientry**, the old folk, himself to wit. The alteration of *ten* into *sixteen* proposed by the editors in the Cambridge edition, and adopted by them in the Globe edition, is by no means an improvement: *ten* marks extreme boyishness, *sixteen* does not.

62, 3. **any but these ... brains**, any but such addle-pated, scatter-brained youths; cp. *Temp.* v. 60—

> "thy brains,
> Now useless, *boil'd* within thy skull!"

and *T. C.* ii. 1. 47, "Thou *sodden*-witted lord!"

65, 6. **if any where I have them**, if I am likely to find them any where, it will be by the seaside feeding upon the ivy bushes; this again is from the novel. For **of**, see Abb. § 178.

67. **Good luck ... will!** 'good luck' is personified.

68. **barne**, another spelling of *bairn*, child. **A boy or a child**, "I am told that, in some of our inland counties, a *female infant*, in contradistinction to a *male* one, is still termed, among the peasantry,—a child" (Steevens), a statement which is confirmed by Wise, *The Birthplace of Shakspere*.

74. **when thou art ... rotten**, not merely during your life, but even after death, so wonderful is it.

76, 7. **but I am not to say**, etc., but I must not call it the sea, for it has so swelled as to touch the heavens; cp. *Oth.* ii. 1. 12-15—

> "The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;
> The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,
> Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
> And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole."

81. **how it takes up the shore**, encroaches upon, engulfs it; cp. *Oth.* ii. 1. 16, 7—

> "I never did like molestation view
> On the *enchafed* flood."

Schmidt's explanation seems altogether too elaborate.

82, 3. **to see 'em, and not to see 'em**, to see them and the next moment for them to be hidden from view as though swallowed up by the sea.

83. **now the ship**, etc. Malone quotes *Pericles*, iii. 1. 45, "But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not."

84. **with yest and froth**, by the foaming sea; cp. *Macb.* iv. 1. 53, "the *yesty* waves."

85, 6. **for the land-service**, for what happened on shore. In 2 *H. IV.* i. 2. 154, Falstaff, with reference to a summons from the Chief Justice, says, "As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this *land-service*, I did not come," where he is punning upon service by land (*i.e.* military service) and the service or judicial delivery of a writ.

88. **to make ship**, to finish my story about the ship; with an allusion to the sea having made an end of it, *i.e.* sunk it.

89. **flap-dragoned it**, swallowed it as gallants in their revels swallow a flap-dragon. "In former days gallants used to vie with each other in drinking off flap-dragons to the health of their mistresses,—which flap-dragons were generally raisins, and sometimes even candles' ends, swimming in brandy or other strong spirits whence, when on fire, they were snatched by the mouth

and swallowed" (Dyce, *Gloss.*). A relic of this pastime, under the name of 'snap-dragon,' is (or was a few years ago) still in vogue among children, generally on Christmas Eve. A large dish being filled with raisins floating in brandy set on fire, the fun consists in snatching out the raisins without burning the fingers. When all the raisins have been got out, it is usual to throw salt into the burning brandy, which casts a sickly, greenish, yellow colour over the faces of those round the dish.

93. **Name of mercy**, *i.e.* in the name of, etc.

97. **the old man.** It has been objected that the shepherd could not have known that Antigonus was not an old man, but no doubt Shakespeare, as Stevens remarks, "who was conscious that he himself designed Antigonus for an old man, has inadvertently given this knowledge to the shepherd who had never seen him."

99. **there your ... footing.** There would have been no opportunity for your charitable help; with a reference to the literal meaning of his not being able to set foot upon the vessel.

100. **look thee**, on *thee* see Abb. § 212.

103. **a bearing-cloth**, the cloth or mantle in which the child was usually borne to the font at baptism; in the case of wealthy people, elaborately trimmed. **squire's child**, *i.e.* one of high degree.

105. **changeling**, a child left by the fairies in the place of one they had carried off. "One of the foremost dangers supposed to hover round the new-born infant was the propensity of witches and fairies to steal the most beautiful and well-favoured children, and to leave in their places such as were ugly and stupid . . . Shakespeare alludes to this notion in A Midsummer's Night's Dream (ii. 1. 23), where Puck says:—

> 'Because that she as her attendant hath
> A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;
> She never had so sweet a changeling.'

And further on in the same scene [l. 120] Oberon says:—

> 'I do but beg a little changeling boy
> To be my henchman.'

As a fairy in each case is the speaker, the changeling . . . denotes the child taken by them. So, too, in The Winter's Tale . . . 'It was told me I should be rich by the fairies: This is some changeling; open 't.' As the child here found was a beautiful one, the changeling must naturally mean the child stolen by the fairies, especially as the gold left with it is conjectured to be fairy gold. The usual signification, however, of the term *changeling* is thus marked by Spenser (Faerie Queene I. x. 65):—

'From thence a faery thee unweeting reft,
There as thou slept in tender swaddling band,
And her base elfin brood there for thee left,
Such men do chaungelings call, so chaunged by faeries' theft.'

Occasionally, fairies played pranks with new-born children by exchanging them. To this notion Henry the Fourth refers (i. H. IV. i. 1. 86-9) :—

'O that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle clothes our children where they lay,
And called mine Percy, his Plantagenet'"
(Dyer, *Folk-Lore of Shakespeare*, pp. 313, 4).

107. **a made old man**, *i.e.* one whose fortune is made.

108. **you 're well to live**, you have a happy life before you.

109. **and 'twill prove so**. Staunton quotes from Ben Jonson—

"A prince's secrets are like fairy favours,
Welcome if kept; but poison if discovered":

and Dyer, Massinger, *The Fatal Dowry*, iv. 1. 201—

"But not a word o't; 'tis fairies' treasure
Which, but revealed, brings on the blabber's ruin."

up with 't, quickly put it in your pocket.

110. **the next way**, the nearest way.

115. **curst**, savage.

117. **mayest discern**, canst discover.

118. **to the sight of him**, to see him.

119. **Marry**, a corruption of 'by Mary,' *i.e.* the Virgin Mary, for the sake of evading the statute against profane swearing.

120. **and we 'll ... on 't**. The reference to lucky and unlucky days is frequent in Elizabethan literature, and in the old almanacs they were marked; but it has not been shown that to do good on those that were lucky was regarded as especially incumbent. The only day now accounted unlucky, and that by sailors chiefly, is Friday. To begin a voyage on that day is by them regarded as ominous.

Act IV. Prologue.

1, 2. **I, that please ... error**, I who please some, who test all, and am the joy of the good and the terror of the bad, I who make things to be misunderstood and again bring the truth to light.

3. **in the name**, under the name; *not* in behalf of.

4. **To use my wings**, *i.e.* to fly over a wide space of years.

5. **slide over**, silently pass over.

6, 7. **and leave** ... **gap**, leave unnoticed what has grown, come into existence, during that wide interval.

7. **since**, etc. Singer, following Lloyd, begins a new sentence with "since," and puts a comma only after "custom" in l. 9. This seems to improve the sense.

8, 9. **To overthrow** ... **custom**. Law and custom, the two most durable of institutions, are still powerless against the innovations of time. **self-born**, see Abb. § 20.

9-11. **Let me pass** ... **received**. Receive me for the same that I was even before the most ancient order of things, or that which is now accepted among mankind. All else is changed except my nature, and therefore I may fitly sweep over a long period and present to you an altered world.

12. **them**, the ancient order of things.

13. **reigning**, in vogue, in fashion.

14. **The glistering** ... **present**, the brand-new gloss of the present time.

15. **Now seems**, *i.e.* stale. **Your** ... **allowing**, if your patience permits such measures; cp. *H. V.* ii. pr. 31.

16, 7. **and give** ... **between**, and represent to you such an altered state of things that you might imagine you had slept through the interval which must have elapsed; cp. *H. V.* i. pr. 29-31—

> "jumping o'er times,
> Turning the accomplishment of many years
> Into an hour-glass."

17-9. **Leontes** ... **himself**. Staunton appears to have been the first commentator to point out that the construction is "leaving Leontes, so grieving the effects," etc.; and most modern editors follow him. **fond**, foolish. **imagine me**, = for me, the ethical dative; see Abb. § 220.

22, 3. **which** ... **you**, whose name I now tell you was Florizel.

25. **Equal with wondering**, so as to be the matter for wonder.

26. **I list not**, I do not care to, etc.

27. **when 'tis** ... **forth**, when it is brought to the birth; cp. *Oth.* i. 3. 377, "There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered."

28. **And what** ... **adheres**, all that belongs to her, everything in her history. **which follows after**, an account of which will be given later on.

29. **argument**, subject. **allow**, approve, accept favourably.

SCENE I.

2. **'tis a sickness .. this.** It is pain enough to deny you anything, but it will be much worse to grant this request of yours.

3. **sixteen**, the folios read *fifteen;* corrected by Hanmer. See Pr. 6, and v. 3. 31.

4. **being aired abroad**, lived in a foreign climate.

7. **or I o'erween so**, if it is not presumption in me to think so. **which**, *i.e.* the belief that I might be able to lighten his sorrow.

10, 1. **the need ... made**, it was your own goodness that has created the need of you which I now feel.

12. **to want thee**, to have to do without you. **having made me businesses**, you having engaged me in undertakings; *business* in the plural is rarely used now.

14. **or take away**, or undo.

15. **considered**, in the way of reward.

16. **as too ... cannot**, for to reward them too highly is impossible.

17. **my profit ... friendships.** Malone says that *friendships* are "friendly offices," but Polixenes could hardly mean that the heaping of friendly offices on Camillo was his *profit.* Johnson explains, "I will for the future be more liberal of recompence, from which I shall receive this advantage, that as I heap friendships, as I confer favours on thee, I shall increase the friendship between us"; for the construction "heaping friendships," see Abb. § 178.

18, 9. **whose very ... penitent**, for the very mention of it brings me bitter pain in the remembrance of, etc.

21, 2. **are even . lamented.** Long ago as it is since the events took place, I cannot even now help feeling the freshness of grief for them.

24. **gracious**, when the conduct of their children is not such as they can view with satisfaction.

25. **approved**, proved.

27, 8. **I have ... noted**, I have noted with regret. To *miss* = 'to feel the want of, to regret the absence of,' is as common in Shakespeare as in modern parlance. Steevens strangely explains, "I have observed him at intervals."

29. **frequent to**, addicted to, given to; we should say 'frequent *at.*'

32, 3. **I have ... removedness.** That circumstance I have considered, and so carefully that I have servants employed in watching his frequent absences from the court. **eyes**, the instrument for the agent.

35-7. **that from** ... **estate.** Who from the humblest position in life, and to the utter astonishment of his neighbours, has grown to very great wealth.

39. **of most** ... **note**, of most rare and noteworthy excellence.

39, 40. **the report** ... **cottage.** The fame of her virtue and beauty has spread abroad to an extent that could not have been expected of anything which originated in such a humble dwelling.

41, 2. **That 's likewise** ... **thither.** The reading of the folios makes "I fear" parenthetical, and this seems the most satisfactory way of taking the words. The meaning will then be, That also is a *part* of what I have heard; but, I fear, the *sole* attraction with him. "But I fear the angle" seems nonsense, as there is nothing adversative between the two clauses. Hanmer cuts the knot by reading *and* for *but*. **angle**, properly the fishing hook only, but used also of the tackle and of the rod itself; *e.g. A. C.* ii. 5. 10—

> "Give me mine *angle;* we 'll to the river; there,
> My music playing far off, I will betray
> Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
> Their slimy jaws."

Where 'bended hook' expresses the literal meaning of *angle.*

44. **question**, conversation, as often in Shakespeare.

47. **the thoughts of Sicilia**, *i.e.* of going there.

Scene II.

Stage Direction. **Autolycus** "was the son of Mercury, and as famous for all arts of fraud and thievery as his father" (Steevens).

1. **When** ... **peer**, *i.e.* in early spring; see below, iv. 3. 119—

> "daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty":

over twenty species are cultivated in England, and from February to May one or other of these species is in blossom. The word is a corruption (through the Fr.) of the Gk. 'asphodel.' Skeat (*Ety. Dict.*) says that *peer* here has nothing to do with 'peer' in the sense of 'pry,' but is really a corruption of 'appear.'

2. **doxy**, "the female companion of a tramp or beggar. In the West of England, the women frequently call their little girls *doxies*, in a familiar or endearing sense" (*The Slang Dict. s.v.*).

3. **sweet**, sweetness.

4. **For the red** ... **pale.** Farmer says, "The red, the *spring* blood now *reigns o'er* the parts lately under *the dominion of*

winter. The English *pale*, the Irish *pale*, were frequent expressions in Shakespeare's time; and the words *red* and *pale* were chosen for the sake of the antithesis." But though Shakespeare uses both the substantive and the verb in this sense, it is very doubtful whether he here meant anything more than that the red blood of spring reigns in the place of the pale blood of winter. Autolycus is hardly to be credited with a knowledge of the word in its other sense.

5. **bleaching**. Malone refers to *L. L. L.* v. 2. 916, "And maidens *bleach* their summer smocks," mentioned by Spring as one of the customs of her season.

7. **Doth set ... edge**; probably means 'sharpens my inclination to steal;' *pugging*, generally explained as 'thieving.' Steevens says the word is used by Greene 'in one of his pieces,' and he quotes from Dekker, *The Roaring Girl*, "of cheaters, lifters, nips, foists, *puggards*, embers." Wise, *Shakspere, His Birthplace*, etc., says that "*pugging* tooth was the same as pegging or peg tooth, that is the canine or dog tooth," and that the expression is still in use in Warwickshire. But it is not easy to see why the sight of sheets bleaching should set any one's canine teeth on edge. 'To set the teeth on edge' in ordinary sense means to produce a grating feeling, as by something sour to the teeth, or harsh to the ear.

8. **For a ... king**. If this has any real connection with the former line, it means 'for by the sale of the stolen sheets I could buy a quart of ale, which is a beverage fit for a king.' *Dish* for cup, drinking vessel, is unusual, though the expression 'a *dish* of tea' is still to be heard.

9. **tirra-lyra**, an imitation of the notes of the lark, found in Fr. also.

13. **three-pile**, three-piled velvet, velvet of the richest and costliest kind. Dekker, *The Wonder of a Kingdom*, iv. 1, speaks of a broker as a "*three-pile* rascal," *i.e.* a most thorough rascal.

15-8. **But shall ... right**. But that is no reason why I should be downcast; by the light of the pale moon I am able to carry on my petty thefts, and when I wander here and there (*i.e.* seem to be going wrong, to have lost my way), I am then going in what is the right path *for me*, *i.e.* I am most successful in my thieving.

19-22. **If tinkers ... it**. If such fellows as tinkers are allowed to live and to wander about the country carrying with them their leathern sack (in which are their tools) and freely plying their trade, then there is no reason why I should not give an account of my occupation, or openly avow it when put in the stocks. The stocks were a contrivance, commonly employed in villages, for the punishment of petty offenders. See an illustration in

Webster's *Dictionary.* They are still in use, or were so a few years ago.

23, 4. **My traffic** ... **linen.** Many editors suppose that Autolycus is here contrasting himself with kites, *his* practice being to steal sheets and large pieces of linen, while *they* made away with smaller pieces only, such as were convenient for lining their nests. This seems doubtful. Autolycus immediately afterwards speaks of himself as resembling in character the original Autolycus in being a snapper-up of *unconsidered trifles* (in that respect being also like a kite), and goes on to say that all more daring robberies are out of his line. He therefore means, I think, 'When I am on the tramp, people may expect to have their sheets stolen, just as when the kite is building they may expect to have odd pieces of linen carried off if left on the drying lines after washing, or exposed anywhere in the open air.' He is the human kite that carries off anything that comes in his way.

25. **littered under Mercury**, born when the planet Mercury was in the ascendant; he applies to himself the term (*littered*) which is technically used of puppies, and the young of wild beasts. **who**, *i.e.* Autolycus, his namesake.

26-8. **Gallows** ... **thought of it.** "The resistance which a highwayman encounters in the fact, and the punishment which he suffers on detection, withhold me from daring robbery" (Johnson); as for the future life I don't allow any thoughts of it to trouble me.

29. **every 'leven** ... **tods.** "This has been rightly expounded to mean that the wool of *eleven sheep* would weigh a tod, or 28 lb. Each fleece would, therefore, be 2 lb. 8 oz. 11½ dr., and the whole produce of *fifteen hundred shorn* 136 tod 1 clove 2 lb. 6 oz. 2 dr., which, at *pound and odd shillings per tod*, would yield £143 3s. Our author was too familiar with the subject" (his father being at one period of his life a woolstapler) "to be suspected of inaccuracy. Indeed it appears from Stafford's *Breefe Conceipte of English Pollicye*, 1581, p. 16, that the price of a tod of wool was at that period *twenty* or *two* and *twenty shillings;* so that the medium price was exactly '*pound and odd shilling*'" (Ritson).

32. **If the springe** ... **mind.** If my device does not fail, I shall catch this fellow. **cock**, *i.e.* woodcock, a cant term for a simpleton, perhaps, as Malone thinks, because the bird was supposed to have no brains, or perhaps (Dyce) from its being easily caught in springes or nets.

33. **counters**, small circular pieces of metal formerly used by the uneducated in all but the simplest calculations.

35. **five pound**, in cases of time, distance, or weight, Shakespeare

frequently uses a singular substantive with a plural numeral, and the usage still survives in regard to distance and weight.

what with ... **rice**, what does she want rice for on such an occasion.

37. **lays it on**, *i.e.* thickly, makes no stint in her expenditure.

made me, the ethical dat., see Abb. § 220.

38. **three-man-song-men**, "*i.e.* singers of catches in three parts. A *six-man-song* occurs in the *Tournament* of *Tottenham*" (Percy).

39. **means**, "'the mean in music was the intermediate part between the tenor and the treble; not the tenor itself, as explained by Steevens.' Chappell's *Pop. Mus. of the Olden Time*" (Dyce, *Gloss.*).

40. **but one**, only one. **to hornpipes**, to the accompaniment of hornpipes.

41. **warden pies.** Steevens says, "*Wardens* are a species of large pears. . . It appears from a passage in *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, that these pears were usually eaten roasted:

> 'I would have had him *roasted like a warden*
> In brown paper.'"

According to Wise the warden pear still grows in the Warwickshire hedge-rows. Singer points out that they are now generally coloured with cochineal instead of *saffron* as of old.

42. **that's out of my note,** that is not mentioned in the memorandum she gave me; though Grant White explains "not among the matters of which I am to take note."

43. **race**, root. **raisins of the sun**, dried in the sun. Though the expression is not in use now, it occurs in *Robinson Crusoe*, published 1719, "I found the grapes I had hung up were perfectly dried, and, indeed, were excellent good *Raisins of the Sun.*"

46. **I' the name of me.** Steevens says that this is a vulgar exclamation that he has often heard, and he compares, "before *me*, she's a good wench," *T. N.* ii. 3. 194, but we have already had "Name of *mercy*," iii. 3. 105, from the Shepherd, and here it seems probable, as suggested in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, quoted by the Camb. Edd., that the clown was using the same adjuration when he was interrupted by Autolycus.

47. **and then** ... **death**! may death come to relieve me!

54. **a million** ... **matter**, when you come to reckon it, a million of beating amounts to a good deal; an adage worthy of Dogberry.

60. **he should be a footman**, used in the contemptuous sense of a menial, such a one for instance as we have in *Lear*, ii. 2. 15, etc.

61, 2. **it hath** ... **service**, it must have belonged to one who had seen very hot service in the wars.

73. **past three quarters**, more than three, etc.

75. **kills my heart**, utterly crushes me; cp. *H. V.* ii. 1. 92, 3, "the king has *killed his heart.*"

78. **troll-my-dames**, from Fr. *trou-madame.* "The old English title of this game was *pigeon-holes;* as the arches in the machine through which the balls are rolled, resemble the cavities made for pigeons in a *dove-house*" (Steevens).

82, 3. **and yet** ... **abide.** "Equivalent to,—And yet it will barely, or with difficulty remain" (Staunton).

85. **ape-bearer**, one who goes about exhibiting monkeys.

86. **compassed** ... **Son**, managed to set up a puppet show representing the story of the Prodigal Son in the New Testament. **motion**, so called because the puppets were moved about at the will of the exhibitor.

87. **land and living**, land and property, almost equivalent to landed property, an ambitious term used to impress the clown with an idea of the speaker's social position.

88. **lies**, not *lie*, because the notion is a single one.

having flown over, having lightly passed over without remaining in any of them for more than a short time; he adopted for a time such dubious occupations as ape-bearing, process-serving, etc., and finally settled down as rogue, pure and simple.

90. **Out upon him!** shame upon him. **prig**, thief.

91. **wakes.** "In days gone by, the church-wake was an important institution, and was made the occasion for a thorough holiday. Each church, when consecrated, was dedicated to a saint, and on the anniversary of that day was kept the wake. In many places there was a second wake on the birthday of the saint. At such seasons, the floor of the church was strewed with rushes and flowers, and in the churchyard tents were erected to supply cakes and ale for the use of the merrymakers on the following day" (Dyer, *Folk-Lore of Shakespeare*, p. 311); cp. *Lear*, iii. 6. 77, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 318.

bear-baitings, a favourite pastime with our ancestors; cp. *T. N.* i. 3. 98, ii. 5. 9.

96. **I am false** ... **way**, my heart fails me in any matter of that kind.

102. **bring thee on the way**, conduct you; cp. *H. V.* ii. 3. 2.

106. **Your purse** ... **spice**, a reference to the hot nature of spices, and perhaps also to 'warm' in the sense of comfortable, well provided.

107. **I'll be with you**, you'll find me there plying my trade of pick-pocket.

108. **cheat**, piece of roguery. **bring out**, lead up to, be the introduction to.

109. **unrolled**, struck off the roll of vagabonds, as though it were an honourable fraternity such as the Inns of Court, or the various trade guilds.

112. **hent**, take, in the sense of leaping over. **stile-a**, the additional syllable for the sake of the metre is common in old ballads. "These lines are part of a catch printed in An Antidote to Melancholy, 1661" (Reed).

SCENE III.

1. **weeds**, dress; frequent in Shakespeare.

3. **Peering** ... **front**, coming forth early in spring; but with the idea of Flora as a goddess stepping forth attended by April, the months being her hand-maidens; for *peering*, see note on iv. 2. 1.

6. **your extremes**, not the extravagance of his praises, as Johnson says, but the extravagance of his conduct in obscuring himself in 'a swain's wearing,' while he "pranked" her up "most goddess-like." This is evident, as Mason points out, from the words immediately following, "O pardon that I name them."

7. **self** as a noun is common in Shakespeare. For a history of its transition see Abb. § 20.

8. **The gracious** ... **land**, "The *object* of all men's *notice* and *expectation*" (Johnson). Malone quotes 2 *H. IV.* ii. 3. 31.

9. **wearing**, dress.

10. **prank'd up**, decked out in a fanciful manner; used again literally in *T. N.* ii. 4. 89, and metaphorically in *Cor.* iii. 1. 23.

10-2. **but that** ... **custom**, if it were not that at each of the tables at our feasts some foolish jests and practices prevail, which the feasters justify on the ground that such things are customary, I should blush, etc. Though *digest* may contain an allusion to *mess* in the sense of *dish* (in which sense Schmidt explains the word), the primary meaning of *mess* here is probably one of the many parties into which the feasters were divided; see note on i. 2. 227.

13. **swoon**, Hanmer's correction of *sworn*, is adopted by Dyce, Delius, Staunton, and Singer. The attempts of the earlier commentators to explain 'sworn' are amusing. Dyce quotes *T. of A.* iv. 3. 373—

> "Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
> Choler does kill me that thou art alive;
> *I swoon to see thee*":

and remarks, "If there be no unfitness in the rough misanthrope

thus figuratively declaring that he *swoons at the sight* of the philosopher, much less can there be any in the gentle Perdita's figuratively declaring that *she should swoon at the sight* of her rich apparel."

14. **I bless**, etc. Because that circumstance first brought him to the place; this is taken from the novel.

16. **cause**, *i.e.* to bless the time, not to regret it.

17, 8. **To me** ... **fear.** To me the terrible difference of rank that there is between us causes fear; you in your high position have not been used to such a feeling, and therefore do not now anticipate evil.

19, 20. **To think** ... **way**, to think of your father passing this way.

21, 2. **to see** ... **up?** to see you, of whom he is the author, dressed up in such clothes; Steevens compares *R. J.* i. 3. 87—

> "This precious *book of love*, this *unbound lover*,
> To beautify him only lacks a *cover*."

23. **borrow'd flaunts**, borrowed finery; to *flaunt* is to display ostentatiously.

25. **Humbling** ... **love**, divesting themselves of their divinity when under the power of love, putting off their godhead in their subjection to love, and humbly putting on mortal shapes.

32. **piece of beauty**, would now have a somewhat contemptuous sense, and such the word occasionally has in Shakespeare. But he more often uses it "to denote a person of supreme excellence" (Schmidt), as here and *Temp.* i. 2. 56—

> "Thy mother was *a piece* of virtue."

33. **a way so chaste**, *i.e.* with such chaste intentions.

33-5. **since my** ... **faith**, since my desires, unlike theirs, do not outrun my honour, nor my passions burn with a fierceness more powerful upon me than the honesty of my intentions.

38-40. **One of** ... **life.** One of these two alternatives, either that you must abandon your intention of marrying me, or that I must give up my life, must prove a necessary result, and one which will forcibly assert itself; from 'change' some verb must be supplied before 'my life,' such as 'give up,' *i.e.* living here; for *speak* in this sense cp. *Cor.* iii. 2. 41—

> "Though therein you can never be too noble,
> But when extremities *speak*":

and *A. C.* i. 4. 29—

> "But to confound such time,
> That drums him from his sport, and *speaks* as loud
> As his own state and ours."

41. **forced thoughts**, "far-fetched, and not arising from the present objects" (M. Mason).

42, 3. **Or I 'll ... father's.** If I may be your husband, I will be my father's son; if not, not.

46. **gentle**, *i.e.* one; Dyce and Staunton compare *A. C.* iv. 15. 47.

47. **Strangle ... while.** Let the sights around you choke, kill, all such thoughts in your mind. For a still stronger metaphorical sense of *strangle*, cp. *H. VIII.* v. 1. 157—

"He has *strangled*
His language in his tears."

49. **Lift ... countenance**, look up, *i.e.* cheerfully; cp. below, v. 3. 493, "Lift up thy looks," and "Dear, look up," v. 1. 215, *M. A.* iv. 1. 120, *Haml.* iii. 3. 50.

50. **nuptial**, in Shakespeare the singular form is usual.

54. **And let 's ... mirth.** Let us enjoy ourselves till our cheeks become flushed with merriment.

56. **pantler**, the manager of the pantry, where provisions were kept, just as *butler* is one who attends to bottles.

57. **dame**, hostess, lady of the feast.

59. **At upper ... middle**, bustling about from one end of the table to the other in her anxiety to attend to all her guests.

60. **On his .. his**, *i.e.* dancing first with one partner and then with another.

61. **the thing ... it**, ale or beer, of which she would drink a small draught to each of her guests.

62, 3. **You are ... one**, you keep yourself in the background as though you were a guest instead of the hostess.

64, 5. **bid ... welcome**, bid welcome to, make welcome, these unknown friends; see Abb. § 419*a*.

70. **As your ... prosper**, as you hope that your flocks may increase and multiply.

74. **rosemary and rue**; the former word "has no connection with either *Rose* or *Mary*, but is the *ros marinus* or *ros maris* (as in Ovid—

'Ros maris, et laurus, nigraque myrtus olent,'

De Arte Amandi, iii. 390)—the plant that delights in the sea spray. . . . We can now scarcely understand the high favour in which Rosemary was formerly held; we are accustomed to see it neglected, or only tolerated in some corner of the kitchen garden, and not often tolerated there. But it was in high favour for its evergreen leaves and fine aromatic scent remaining a long time after picking, so long, indeed, that both leaves and scent were almost considered everlasting" (Ellacombe, *Plant Lore of Shakespeare*, *s. v.*). Rue was valued chiefly for its healing properties. The other name given it by Shakespeare, 'Herb o' grace,' is due

to a fancied connection between *rue*, the herb, and *rue*, sorrow. Chaucer also held this erroneous idea.

76. **remembrance**, cp. *Haml.* iv. 5. 175, "There 's rosemary, that 's for *remembrance;* pray, love, remember."

78, 9. **well ... winter.** Staunton, from Perdita's answer, thinks it possible that Polixenes had asked reproachfully, "Will you," etc.

79. **Sir, the year**, etc. Perdita's answer is, It being near the end of summer, the fairest flowers to be found in gardens are the carnations and gillyvors, but of these we have none in *our* garden, and therefore I give you rosemary and rue as suitable to your age. "In July," says Bacon, Essay xlvi., *Of Gardens*, "Come gilly-flowers of all varieties." What this flower was, is much disputed. Mr. Roach Smith believes it to be the wall-flower; Mr. Walker, the clove-pink; Mr. Ellacombe, only another name for the carnation. Whatever the truth, the suffix *-flower* in its commoner form of 'gilly-*flower*' is a mere corruption of the O. Fr. *giroflée*, which again is a corruption of the Low Latin *caryothyllum*, a Latinized form of the Gk. *καρυόφυλλον*, strictly 'nut-leaf'; see Skeat, *Ety. Dict. s. v.*

81. **trembling winter**, the epithet is a transferred one, and applies to the effect produced by winter.

83. **Nature's bastards**, because of their pied colour.

86. **For I have heard**, etc. Because I have heard, etc. Perdita objects to the gilly-flower "because being a cross between the white and the red, it is not a pure flower. The *art* is simply the transmission of the pollen from one flower to another of different colour; which may either be done by the hand of man, or by nature, by means of the air, and by bees. Polixenes explains—

> "Over that art
> Which you say adds to nature, is an art
> That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
> A gentler scion to the wildest stock,' etc.

There we have the whole theory of grafting clearly put by the pen of experience. The imposition of the single bud of the better tree to the wild stock in a mysterious manner changes nature. From this minute eye is formed the future tree, receiving its entire sustenance from the wild stock, and yet being of the superior quality of the tree from which the eye was taken. . . . The slight bud 'of nobler race,' weighing only a few grains, is inserted into the 'bark of baser kind' . . . ; the superior portions of the baser tree are cut and pared away; and then the sap from the stock passing through the bud generates, in time, a tree of nobler race; but the upper or choicer portion has no influence whatever on the wild or baser stock, all branches from which, if allowed to grow, would produce fruit such as the stock

bore before it was inoculated" (Roach Smith, *The Rural Life of Shakespeare*).

90. **But nature** ... **mean**; except, unless, nature, etc.

94, 5. **And make** ... **race**, and cause a tree of inferior kind to conceive, become pregnant, by a bud of nobler stock; *bark*, part for the whole, but with an allusion to the process of grafting by cutting into the bark.

99. **I'll not put**, etc. I have no more wish for such flowers than I have that I should be admired by this youth if I had painted my face; and therefore I will take no means to rear them. The idea in her mind is that in both cases, *i.e.* in painting her face and in endeavouring to raise flowers of this kind, she would be sinning against nature.

100. **dibble**, garden tool for making holes in the ground. **to set**, to plant.

102. **and only therefore**, for that reason and no other.

104. **Hot lavender**, *i.e.* strongly smelling. **mints**, "a large family of highly perfumed, strong-flavoured plants, of which there are many British species" (Ellacombe), used chiefly for flavouring dishes. **savory**, from Lat. "Satureia, through the Italian *Savoreggia*. . . . It was a very favourite plant in the old herb gardens" (Id.), mentioned by Bacon among the flowers of June as "the sweet *Satyrian*, with the white flower." **marjoram**: "In Shakespeare's time several species of Marjoram were grown. . . . They were all favourite pot herbs" (Id.).

105, 6. **The marigold** ... **weeping**; that closes its petals when the sun goes down, and opens them, wet with dew, as he rises; "compounded of Mary and Gold. . . . The Gaelic name is *lus-mairi*, Mary's leek, or plant. Flowers named from the Virgin Mary are numerous; hence our *lady's slipper*, *lady's tresses*," etc. . . . (Skeat, *Ety. Dict*, *s. v.*). This is the garden Marigold. "The two properties of the Marigold—that it was always in flower, and that it turned its flowers to the sun and followed his guidance in their opening and shutting—made it a very favourite flower with poets and emblem writers. . . . It was to them [the emblem writers] the emblem of constancy in affection, and sympathy in joy and sorrow" (Id.). Cp. Marlowe, *Hero and Leander*, *Fifth Sestiad*, 465-8 (speaking of the stars)—

> "Now the bright *marigolds*, that deck the skies,
> Phœbus' celestial flowers, that, contrary
> To his flowers here, *ope when he shuts his eye*,
> *And shut when he doth open*, crown your sports."

107. **I think** ... **given**, I believe it is the custom to give them, etc.

109, 10. **grazing, gazing**, of course a pun; *grazing* is here used transitively or causally, grazing my sheep.

114. **Become** ... **day**, be suitable to your age; she is addressing a young girl.

117, 8. **For the flowers** ... **waggon**! Would that I had the flowers, etc. The story is told in the fifth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses;* see *Class. Dict.*

119. **take**, captivate, conquer.

120. **violets dim.** None of the commentators seem to have noticed the epithet here, but Mr. Littledale, in his note on the *T. N. K.* i. 1. 9, remarks, "the sweetness of the violet's smell is contrasted with the radiant beauty of the daffodils that conquer the winds of March, *dim* serving to subordinate the colours to the perfume, and perhaps meaning 'half-hidden from the eye,' retiring, modest"; and he rightly characterizes Schmidt's interpretation ('wanting beauty, homely') as prosy.

121, 2. **But sweeter** ... **breath.** A great deal of discussion has taken place over these lines, but M. Mason points out that "as Shakespeare joins in the comparison the breath of Cytherea with the eyelids of Juno, it is evident that he does not allude to the colour, but to the fragrance of violets."

122-4. **pale primroses** ... **strength.** "The English Primrose is one of a large family of more than fifty species, represented in England by the Primrose, the Oxlip, the Cowslip, and the Bird's-eye Primrose of the north of England and Scotland" (Ellacombe, *P. L.*). Referring to the cheerful character of the flower, he goes on, "It is this character of cheerfulness that so much endears the flower to us; as it brightens up our hedgerows after the dulness of winter. . . . Yet it is very curious to note what entirely different ideas it suggested to our forefathers. . . . Spenser associates it with death in some beautiful lines in which a husband laments the loss of a young and beautiful wife. . . . Shakespeare has no more pleasant epithets . . . than 'pale,' 'faint,' 'that die unmarried'; and Milton follows in the same strain, yet sadder . . . only in three passages does he speak of the Primrose itself, and in two of these he connects it with death—

> 'Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And every flower that sad embroidery wears.'
>
> (*Lycidas*, 142.)

> 'O fairest flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
> Soft silken Primrose fading timeless lie.'
>
> (*On the death of a Fair Infant*, 2.)

And nearly all the poets of that time spoke in the same strain, with the exception of Ben Jonson and the two Fletchers." As to the derivation of the word, Mr. Skeat, in a note communicated to Mr. Littledale, and quoted by him on *T. N. K.* i. 1. 7, says, "There is an allusion here ['Primrose, first-born child of Ver'] to

the *apparent* etymology of the French name for the primrose, viz. *primevere*. *Primevere* is, or was thought to be, for *prima veris;* or in other words, 'first-born child of Ver.' The *true* etymology is rather *primula veris*, if the word was taken from the Latin; but Brachet supposes that it was merely borrowed from the Ital. *prima vera*, a name used of flowers that come in the early spring." Bacon spells it "Prime-roses"; Chaucer, "pryme-rose." **That die**, etc., *i.e.* before the sun acquires its full strength in the month of June.

125. **bold oxlips.** ". . . The *oxlip* has not a weak flexible stalk like the *cowslip*, but erects itself boldly in the face of the sun" (Steevens). Its scientific name is *primula elatior*.

126. **The crown imperial** "is a Fritillary. . . . It is a native of Persia, Afghanistan, and Cashmere, but it was very early introduced into England from Constantinople. . . . Parkinson gave it the foremost place in his 'Paradisus Terrestris.' 'The Crown Imperial,' he says, 'for its stately beautifulnesse deserveth the first place in this our garden of delight, to be entreated of before all other lillies.'" (Ellacombe, *P. L.*).

126, 7. **lilies ... one!** This shows that Shakespeare, like many other contemporary writers, classed the 'flower-de-luce' among lilies, but the modern authorities seem to agree in pronouncing it an iris. By some the word is said to be a corruption of *fleur de Louis*, being spelt either *fleur-de-lys* or *fleur-de-lis*. Whether the word *lis* or *lys* in this combination, as in the armorial emblem of France, had any real connection with *lys*, a lily, is doubtful, but the form probably led to the belief that the flower-de-luce was a lily. Spenser and Drayton spell the word *delice*. The former separates the lilies from the flower-de-luces, and Ben Jonson speaking of "carnations, flower-de-luces, lilies," apparently regards them as different flowers. Bacon, among the flowers of April, gives "Flower-Delices, and Lillies of all Natures," which to Mr. Donnelly and the Baconians ought to be proof positive that Bacon wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare.

131, 2. **or if ... arms.** Malone quotes Marston's *Insatiate Countess* [i. 1. 79, 80]—

> "*Isab.* Heigh ho, you 'll bury me, I see.
> *Rob.* In the swan's down, and *tomb thee in my arms*";

and *Pericles*, [v. 3. 43, 4]—

> "O come, be *buried*
> A second time *within these arms*."

Quick, alive; on the omission of *so* after *if*, see Abb. § 64.

134. **Whitsun pastorals.** "Apart from its observance as a religious festival, Whitsuntide was, in times past, celebrated with much ceremony. In the Catholic times of England, it was

usual to dramatise the descent of the Holy Ghost, which this festival commemorates. . . . Many costly pageants were exhibited at this season. Thus, at Chester, the Whitsun mysteries were acted during the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in Whitsun week. . . . To each craft in the city a separate mystery was allotted. Thus the drapers exhibited the Creation, the tanners took the Tale of Lucifer, the water-carriers of the Dee acted the Deluge, etc. . . . An allusion to this custom is made in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 4. 163—

'At Pentecost
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown.'

The Morris dance, too, was formerly a common accompaniment to the Whitsun ales, a practice which is still kept up in many parts of the country" (Dyer, *F. L. of Shakespeare*, pp. 291-3). For the history of the word Whitsunday, lit. *White* Sunday, see Skeat, *Ety. Dict. s. v.*

135. **Does** .. **disposition**, the wearing of this robe has changed my nature and inspired me with ideas I never had before.

136. **Still betters**, ever improves.

137, 40. **and for** ... **too** : in the arranging, disposing, of your affairs I could wish that your directions were given in song.

142. **still**, ever.

143. **And own** ... **function**, and give yourself no other occupation.

143-6. **each your** ... **queens.** Each movement of yours, every trait of manner, so unique of its kind, so individual to yourself, in every part and portion of it, gives a crown of glory to whatever you are doing at any particular moment, so that all your acts are queens, sovereign in nature, supreme in excellence. Singer reads *queen's*, *i.e.* the acts of a queen, which is not an improvement.

147. **large**, liberal, exaggerated.

148. **and the** ... **through 't**, the blush of ingenuousness which shows itself in your youthful countenance.

149. **give you out**, shows you to be.

150. **with wisdom** ... **fear**, my prudence would suggest.

152, 3. **As little** ... **to 't.** As little reason to fear my intentions as I have purpose to compel you to that feeling (*sc.* fear). That *skill* was occasionally used in this sense is shown by two passages quoted by Dyce in which the word can have no other force.

155. **I 'll swear for 'em.** If this is the true reading, it probably means, 'I will answer for the constancy of turtles like ourselves.' Ritson conjectures 'for *one*,' *i.e.* I will answer for myself at all events.

160, 1. **That makes ... cream.** That causes the blood to flush up in her cheeks; in plain truth she is the very queen of milk-maids. for **look out**, *i.e.* betray itself, cp. above, l. 148, and *T. C.* iv. 5. 56.

163, 4. **marry ... with!** you will need to fill your mouth with garlic to endure her strong breath when you kiss her.

165. **Now, in good time!** frequent in Shakespeare as a translation of the Fr. *à la bonne heure!* used here by Mopsa in much indignation at Dorcas' unkind reflection upon her breath, — a pretty speech indeed and most opportune.

166. **we stand ... manners**: *i.e.* we must have no quarrelling now, we are upon our best behaviours, bound to behave well.

168, 9. **and boasts ... feeding**: and he declares that he owns a valuable tract of pasturage; Steevens quotes instances of the word in this sense: for the omission of *he*, see Abb. § 399. **but I have it ... it**, I have it merely on his own report, yet I believe it: see Abb. § 128.

171. **like sooth**, like truth, like one who may well be believed.

172, 4. **for never ... eyes**; for never did the moon look down upon the water with a gaze so fixed and steadfast as his when he stands reading my daughter's soul through her eyes.

175, 6. **I think .. best**: *i.e.* it is impossible to say which of the two loves the other best. **half a kiss**, appropriately used for a measure in the case of love. **another**, see Abb. §§ 12 and 88. **featly**, gracefully.

178. **That ... silent**, I who, as her father, ought not to sing her praises. **do light upon her**, manage to get her as his wife; cp. *M. A.* ii. 1. 34.

180. **which ... of**, unexpected wealth; though probably the old shepherd has a secondary reference to Perdita's being sprung of a nobler family than his own; see what he says in iii. 3. 103. 9.

182. **after ... piper**, to the music of a, etc.

184. **you 'll tell**, you can count. **as he had**, as though he had.

185. **and all ... times**, "in a double sense = as though all men's ears cleaved to his music, and = as though all men's ears grew long to the sound of his music" (Delius).

186. **He could ... better**, he could never come at a more opportune moment.

187. **but even too well**, 'but even' is redundant.

187-9. **if it be .. lamentably**, cp. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 56, 7—

> "A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
> And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."

190. **of all sizes**, of all kinds or sorts, as though he were talking of fitting a person with a garment, and as he goes on immediately

to speak of a milliner fitting his customers with gloves; cp. *A. W.* ii. 2. 35, "it must be an answer of most monstrous *size* that must fit all demands." **Milliner**: in Shakespeare's time milliners were men; the word is supposed to come from *Milan*, in Italy, famous in early days for its small wares, milliner signifying a seller of such wares. Sometimes spelt *Millaner*, as in Dekker's *Match me in London*, iii. 1, "to th' shop of a *Millaner*."

193. **dildos and fadings.** The commentators quote songs in which 'dildo' is the burthen, or refrain; and passages from Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Shirley to show that a 'fading' was an Irish jig.

194-6. **and where ... matter**, and where some wide-mouthed (*i.e.* licentiously-spoken) fellow would try to break in with some indelicate jest, etc. *Jape*, jest, has been proposed for 'gap,' which however here means parenthesis and is in keeping with 'break into.'

197. **do me no harm.** "This was the name of an old song. In the famous *History of Friar Bacon* we have a ballad *to the tune of 'Oh do me no harme good man'*" (Farmer). **slights him**, puts him off in a contemptuous manner.

199. **brave fellow**, fine fellow.

200. **admirable conceited**, a man of fine fancies, conceits; for 'admirable' as an adverb, cp. above, iii. 2. 188, "damnable ingrateful."

201. **unbraided wares**, 'braided' and 'embroidered' have been proposed in the place of 'unbraided,' and various meanings have been given to the word, *e.g.* 'anything besides laces which were braided,' 'wares not ornamented with braid,' 'smooth and plain goods, not twisted into braids,' 'things not braided but woven.' Tollet says that in Bailey's *Dict.* 'braided' meant *faded*, and suggests that 'unbraided' may therefore mean *undamaged*, or what is of the better sort. Steevens quotes from Middleton's *Anything for a Quiet Life*, iii. 2. 213, "she says that you vent ware which is not warrantable, *braided* ware, and that you give not London measure," where 'braided' apparently has a bad sense. In *A. W.* iv. 2. 73, since "Frenchmen are so *braid*," the word is by some supposed to mean 'deceitful.'

203. **points**, with a quibble (frequent in Shakespeare) upon the word in the sense of tags (used to fasten the hose or breeches to the doublet, but sometimes serving merely for ornament, like the 'frogs' on military uniforms in the present day), and legal points, knotty points of law.

204. **by the gross**, a gross is twelve score, *i.e.* in great numbers. **inkles**, "a kind of inferior tape." **caddis**, "worsted ribbon or galloon" (Dyce, *Gloss. s. vv.*).

205. **sings them over**, describes them in song.

207, 8. **chants ... on 't.** He so fervently hymns the praises of the cuff, or wristband, and the embroidered work upon the bosom part of the shift or under garment. Tollet quotes from Fairfax's translation of Tasso's *Gerusalemme*, xii. 64—

> "Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives
> Her curious *square*, emboss'd with swelling gold."

210. **scurrilous**, indecent; *scurra*, a buffoon.

212, 3. **You have . . sister.** You will find among these pedlers some that have more in them than you would expect.

214. **or go about to think**, or take the trouble to imagine.

216. **Cyprus**, "cyprus, cypres, or cypress, a fine transparent stuff, similar to crape, either white or black, but more commonly the latter" (Dyce, *Gloss.*), who shows by an extract from Walpole's Letters that even in 1743 *cypress* was synonymous with *crape*. The word in this sense is frequent in the Elizabethan dramatists.

217 **gloves ... roses.** Presents of scented gloves were common in old days; cp. *M. A.* iii. 4. 62, "These *gloves* the count sent me; they are *an excellent perfume*."

219. **Bugle bracelet**, *i.e.* made of bugles, elongated beads of black or coloured glass; they may be seen nowadays in great profusion on ladies' dresses, shoes, bonnets, etc.

220. **necklace amber**, amber beads for necklaces, another modern fashion.

221. **quoifs and stomachers**, the former are caps, the latter, decorations of the lower part of the 'body' of a lady's dress ending in a point. **golden** here means ornamented with gold, possibly gilt beads or embroidery; cp. "*golden* coat," *Lucr.* 405.

223. **poking sticks**, also called '*poting*-sticks,' made of steel, iron, or brass, were used when heated to iron out the plaits in ruffs, frills, etc. They answer to the 'goffering irons' of modern fashion.

229, 30. **but being ... gloves**, but being thus a bond slave to love, my condition will also involve my bringing into bondage, taking captive (*i.e.* buying) certain, etc.

231. **against this feast**, in anticipation of, in preparation for, see Abb. § 142.

237, 8. **will they wear ... faces?** *Placket* ". . . . has been very variously explained—a petticoat, an under-petticoat, a pocket attached to a petticoat, the slit or opening in a petticoat, and a stomacher; and it certainly was occasionally used to signify a female, as petticoat is now" (Dyce, *Gloss.*). The meaning of the passage is well given by Schmidt: "Will they openly show to strangers what they ought to keep for their friends?"

239. **kiln-hole.** Skeat (*Ety. Dict.*) explains 'kiln' as a large oven for drying corn, bricks, etc.; . . . from "A. S. *cyln*, a drying house. . . . Merely borrowed from Latin *culina*, kitchen; whence the sense was easily transferred to that of 'drying-house.'" Steevens says "*kiln-hole* is the place into which coals are put under a stove, a copper, or a *kiln* in which lime, etc., are to be dried or burned. To watch the *kiln-hole* or *stoking-hole*, is part of the office of female servants in farm-houses."

240. **to whistle off these secrets**, to give vent to these secrets among yourselves, instead of chattering before all the world. Schmidt says that "whistle off" is the Clown's blunder for "whisper"; but the Clown does not elsewhere blunder in simple words, and he uses "whispering" correctly two lines lower down, and "whistle" correctly in l. 715 below. The expression seems to be taken from the habit of whistling as an outlet for some sudden surprise, etc. In *Oth.* iii. 3. 362, to *whistle* a hawk *off* is to let her go free, get rid of her.

241. **'tis well ... whispering**, it is a good thing that they are too much engaged in discussing their own affairs to hear these recriminations of yours.

clamour your tongues. No satisfactory explanation of this phrase has been given; nor are any of the proposed alterations at all convincing. Warburton says, "When bells are at the height, in order to cease them, the repetition of the strokes becomes quicker than before; this is called *clamouring* them"; but he gives no authority for his assertion. Malone thinks that the meaning perhaps is, "*Give one grand peal, and then have done.*" Johnson remarks that "to *clam* a bell is to cover the clapper with felt," and so to muffle it, which is also one of the meanings of the word given in Halliwell's *Archaic and Prov. Dict.* Hunter quotes from Taylor, the Water Poet's *Sir Gregory Nonsense*—

> "He thus began: Cease friendly cutting throats,
> *Clamour* the promulgation of your tongues,
> And yield to Demagorgon's policy,"

which does not seem to prove anything. Arrowsmith, quoted by Dyce, explains 'clamour' to mean 'curb, restrain,' considering it an equivalent to *chaumbre* or *chaummer* (Fr. *chommer*), and cites two passages from Wall in which the word is used in that sense. Singer is inclined to the same opinion. Well may Delius say, "The sense ('be still') is clearer than the explanation of the phrase."

243. **a tawdry lace**, 'tawdry' is a corruption of St. Awdry, which again is a corruption of Etheldrida; and a 'tawdry lace,' *i.e.* necklace, was so called either as being bought at St. Awdry's fair, or because, as Nares says, St. Awdry died of a swelling in

her throat, which she considered as a particular judgment for having been in her youth much addicted to wearing fine necklaces. See Skeat, *Ety. Dict. s. v.*

244. **sweet gloves**, see above, l. 223.

247. **And, indeed**, ... **abroad**; You may well say that, for there *are* cozeners abroad, says Autolycus, laughing in his sleeve at his victim.

250. **parcels of charge**, valuable parcels.

253. **o' life**, on my life, by my life.

256. **at a burthen**, at one birth; cp. *C. E.* v. 343.

257. **carbonadoed**, cut into slices and broiled.

260. **bless me from**, etc., save me from, etc., as frequent in Shakespeare.

261. **Tale-porter**, cp. "some *carry-tale*," *L. L. L.* v. 2. 463.

266. **anon**, immediately; A.S. *on án*, *on* in the sense of *in*, and *án* old form of *one*.

268. **the fourscore of April**. The Clown's remark is on a par with Launcelot's in *M. V.* v. 2. 24-7, "It was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year, in the afternoon."

270. **it was thought**, etc. "In 1604 was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company: 'A strange report of a monstrous *fish* that appeared in the form of a *woman*, from her waist upward seene in the sea.' To this it is highly probable that Shakespeare alludes" (Malone).

276. **Lay it by**, put it aside for me.

279. **passing**, exceedingly.

280. **westward**, in the west country, *i.e.* the west of England, for Shakespeare is thinking of his own country and its customs.

285. **'tis my occupation**, part of my occupation as a pedlar is to be able to join in singing catches.

293. **grange**. "Granges were the chief farm-houses of wealthy proprietors. The religious houses [*i.e.* monasteries, abbeys] had granges on most of their estates" (Hunter, quoted by Dyce, *Gloss. s.v.*).

299. **We 'll have this song out**, will sing it right through.

300. **in sad talk**, serious, as frequent in Shakespeare.

304. **pay well for 'em**, *i.e.* dearly, I 'll cheat you finely.

306. **cape**, a garment worn (by women chiefly) round the shoulders.

307. **dear-a**, see note on iv. 2. 133.

309. **toys**, ornaments.

312. **a meddler**, one who mixes in every matter, has its finger in every pie.

313. **utters**, a legal term for 'sells by retail.'

314. **is**, on the singular form for the plural at the beginning of a sentence, see Abb. § 335.

315, 6. **that have** ... **hair**, have encased themselves in skins: for *carters* Theobald would read *goat-herds*, because later on these actors are spoken of as "*four* threes of *herdsmen*."

316. **saltiers**, the clown's corruption of *satyrs*.

317. **gallimaufry**, "a strange medley, a confused jumble, a hotch-potch" (Fr. *gallimafrée*) (Dyce, *Gloss. s.v.*).

31-820. **are o' the mind** ... **plentifully**, think that it will give great pleasure.

319, 20. **that know** ... **bowling**, *i.e.* to over-refined persons; an allusion to the smooth lawns on which *bowls* were played; Shakespeare has many references to this game, so popular in his day, but now to be seen chiefly in the college gardens of our universities.

322. **homely foolery**, not very refined pastimes; he is afraid that Polixenes who, though not recognising him as king, he sees is some one of higher rank than the rest of his guests, may be offended.

323. **You weary** ... **us**; *i.e.* the actors whom the old shepherd is hindering from performing their pastoral play.

326, 7. **not the worst** ... **squier**. And even the least agile of the three can jump twelve feet and a half by the measure; *squier*, rule or measure, Fr. *esquierre;* so *L. L. L.* v. 2. 474, 2 *H. IV.* ii. 2. 13.

328. **Leave prating**, stop chattering.

329. **them**, *i.e.* the herdsmen.

330. **the** ... **door**, they are already waiting to come in.

331. **O, father** ... **hereafter**. You'll hear more about this matter, *i.e.* the intimacy between Perdita and Florizel, hereafter; something having passed between Polixenes and the shepherd during the dance; *father*, *i.e.* old man, addressing the shepherd.

332. **Is it not** ... **gone**. Have we not already allowed matters to go further than we should? Would it not have been better to reveal ourselves sooner?

333. **tells much**, speaks out his whole mind.

337. **And handed** ... **do**, handled, occupied myself with; not, I think, 'went hand and hand with,' as Schmidt explains.

338. **my she**, my loved one. **knacks**, what we now call 'knick-knacks,' pretty treasures, trifling gifts.

339. **pour'd it ... acceptance**, laid it at her feet for her to accept if she would.

341. **marted**, bargained for.

342. **Interpretation should abuse**, if she should be inclined to put a wrong interpretation upon your conduct in not offering her any presents.

343. **you were straited**, you would be placed in a difficulty how to answer her.

344, 5. **if you make ... her.** At least if you attach importance to making her happy.

348. **given**, *i.e.* in word, by promise.

350. **it should seem**, one might guess.

353. **Ethiopian's tooth.** The natives of most Eastern countries are particularly careful of their teeth, the whiteness of which is made all the more conspicuous by the contrast with the darkness of their skins.

bolted, sifted, as frequent in Shakespere; Steevens quotes *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 142—

> "That pure congealed white, high Taurus' *snow*,
> *Fann'd* by the eastern wind, turns to a crow
> When thou hold'st up thy hand."

354. **What follows this?** To what declaration is this a prelude?

356. **The hand was**, etc., on the omission of the relative, see Abb. § 244. **put you out**, interrupted, disturbed you.

360. **and men**, and all mankind.

362. **Thereof most worthy**, and most worthy of being so crowned.

363. **That ever...swerve.** That ever caused women to turn their eyes to look at him; possibly with the secondary sense of being inconstant to those to whom they should be constant. **force**, power.

365. **for her employ**, *i.e.* would employ.

366, 7. **commend ... perdition**, commend them to her service, or condemn them to perdition; cp. above, iii. 2. 164, 5.

371, 2. **By the pattern ... his.** By the unsullied nature of my own thoughts I estimate his; I am certain that his feelings towards me are as pure and genuine as mine towards him; a metaphor from shaping garments.

375, 6. **O, that ... daughter**: If her portion is to be equal to mine, it can only be so by reason of her great virtue, for, in the

matter of worldly wealth, I shall when one (*i.e.* his father) is dead, have more than you can even dream of now.

378. **Enough ... wonder.** I will not at present say more to add to your wonder.

379. **Contract ... witnesses.** The ceremony of betrothal apparently was as a rule performed in the presence of a priest, as in *T. N.* iv. 3. 22, etc., but from this passage, in which however it is interrupted by the father, it seems to have been valid if witnesses of any kind were present.

381. **but what of him?** What has he to do with the matter?

385. **becomes,** adorns.

386, 7. **incapable ... affairs,** incapable of taking part in matters in which reason and judgment are required. The form of the question, "is *not* your father," etc., "is he *not*," etc., indicates surprise; surely he must be, etc., or you would not act in this way.

388. **altering rheums,** rheumatic affections which have changed and disabled him.

389. **dispute ... estate,** reason upon his own affairs; but with the idea of vindicating his right to what he possesses.

390. **Lies he not,** etc. Surely he must be bed-ridden; surely he must be in his second childhood; *being chi'dish*, when he was a child: *bed-rid*, "A.S. *bed*, a bed, and *ridda*, a knight, a rider; thus the sense is a bed-rider, a sarcastic term for a disabled man." (Skeat, *Ety. Dict. s.v.*).

395. **reason ... wife,** it is reasonable that my son, etc.

397, 8. **all whose ... posterity,** whose chiefest joy consists in seeing a worthy line of descendants.

398. **should ... counsel,** should be called in to give his advice in the matter.

401. **I not acquaint,** I do not choose to tell him.

404, 5. **he shall not ... choice,** he will not have any reason to regret the choice you have made.

407. **I dare not call,** I am ashamed to call.

410. **That thus ... sheep-hook!** That desirest to marry the daughter of a shepherd; *sheep-hook*, the crook carried by shepherds to extricate sheep when they get into a place from which without help they cannot get out; the emblem of his occupation for the man himself: cf. 'nut-*hook*,' a contemptuous term for a catchpole or bailiff, *M. W.* i. 1. 171.

411. **one week,** *i.e.* but a very short time, he being already so near death.

411, 2. **fresh ... witchcraft,** opposed to 'old traitor'; you so young and fair, and yet so full of trickery; *witchcraft* has here

the double sense of that which is enchanting, bewitching, and that which exercises the evil influence ascribed to witches.

412. **of force**, necessarily.

413. **thou copest with**, have to do with, deal with; the word is used by Shakespeare of dealing whether friendly or hostile; its original sense was to 'bargain with.'

415. **more homely**, plainer.

416. **may ever**, should ever.

417. **this knack**, this toy of yours: **as never**, etc., for be assured I intend that you never shall.

420. **Far than**, etc., even going back to the times before the flood; I will not admit your kinship with me however remote, will hardly admit that you are so far akin as to be sprung from the common ancestors of all mankind: *far*, "the ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer* . . . This in the time of Chaucer was softened into *ferre*" (Tyrwhitt). Skeat points out that the forms *farther* and *farthest* are due to confusion with *further* and *furthest*, the comparative and superlative of *fore*. Shakespeare uses this contracted form (*far*) of the comparative again in *J. C.* iii. 2. 171, v. 3. 11, *T. N. K.* iv. 1. 54, as he uses 'near' for 'nearer.'

421. **for this time**, for this occasion.

422. **Though full** ... **displeasure**, though we have by no means abated our wrath.

423. **From the dead** ... **it**, *i.e.* deadly, if the reading is sound, but 'dread' would be more like Shakespeare. **enchantment**, personified; Delius compares *K. J.* iii. 4. 36, "O, fair *affliction*, peace!"

424, 6. **yea, him too** ... **thee**, yea, worthy too of him who (if the honour of my family were not concerned therein) shows himself unworthy of you.

428. **hoop**, encircle; cp. Marlowe, *Hero and Leander, Sixth Sestiad*, 21, "*Hoops* round his rotten body with devotes."

429. **As thou** ... **to 't**, as thou art unfit from your tender age to suffer such a fate.

430. **I was not much afeard**. "The character is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished at the king's discovery of himself had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the king, had not become her education" (Warburton).

432. **The selfsame sun**, etc. Douce compares *St. Matthew*, v. 45, "For he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good."

434. **Looks on alike**, Malone says, "to *look upon*, without any substantive annexed, is a mode of expression which, though now

unusual, appears to have been legitimate in Shakespeare's time," and he quotes, in support of his assertion, *T. C.* v. 6. 10, and 3 *H. VI.* ii. 3. 27, passages in which it is very doubtful whether the phrase is used in the same sense. Below, v. 3. 100, we have "Strike all that *look upon* with marvel." Singer adopts Hunter's conjecture, "Looks on *all* alike," and *all* before *alike* may have fallen out.

435. **I told you** ... **this**; what would be the result of our love-making. Coleridge notices "that profound nature of noble pride and grief venting themselves in a momentary peevishness of resentment towards Florizel: 'Will 't please you, sir, be gone.'"

437. **I 'll queen** ... **farther**, I 'll play the part of queen not a moment longer: on *it* indefinite see Abb. § 226.

441. **Nor dare** ... **know.** Cp. above, i. 2. 366, "I dare not know."

443. **to fill** ... **quiet**, to go quietly to the grave.

444. **upon** ... **died**, upon the bed *on which* my father died.

447. **where no** ... **dust.** "Before the reform of the burial service by Edward VI., it was the custom for the *priest* to throw earth on the body in the form of a cross, and then sprinkle it with holy water" (Singer.) Nowadays the earth is cast into the grave by the sexton or the mourners as the priest repeats the words "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

448, 9. **and would'st** ... **him.** And still, in spite of that knowledge, dared to plight your faith to him.

450, 1. **I have lived** ... **desire.** I should think I had lived long enough, and should welcome death. Steevens compares *Macb.* ii. 3. 96—

> "Had I but died an hour before this change
> I had lived a blessed time."

452. **delay'd**, hindered for a time from carrying out my purpose.

454, 5. **More straining** ... **unwillingly.** Like a greyhound who has caught sight of the hare but is held back by the gamekeeper, I only struggle the harder to get free from the leash; cp. *H. V.* iii. 1. 31—

> "I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips
> *Straining* upon the start":

where "the slips" are the same as the "leash" here.

457, 8. **which I do** ... **him**; and I fancy that you have no intention just now of trying to get speech with him.

458, 9. **and as hardly** ... **I fear**, nor will he be more willing to see you than to allow you to speak to him; *i.e.* you had better keep out of his sight altogether for the present.

460. **his highness**, not here, I think, used as a title, as ordinarily, but = his majesty in the abstract sense: his highness, *not* His Highness. **settle**, grow calm, like the sea after a storm, etc.; cp. *Lear*, iv. 7. 82—

"Trouble him no more
Till further *settling*."

465. **But till ... known!** Only till it became known what our relations to each other were.

465, 6. **but by ... faith**; except by my breaking my promise.

467, 8. **Let Nature ...within!** Steevens compares *Mach.* iv. 1. 59—

"Though the treasure
Of nature's *germens* tumble all together."

468. **Lift up thy looks**, see note on iv. 3. 49.

469, 70. **I am heir ... affection.** All the inheritance I covet is that of my love.

471. **fancy**, love, as frequent in Shakespeare.

475. **but it does ... vow**: Staunton says that *as* is to be understood between *but* and *it*.

478. **Be thereat glean'd.** Shakespeare uses '*at* London,' where we should now say '*in*,' and here even of a whole country.

479. **close earth**, secret, as if unwilling to give up her treasures.

483. **miss me**, find I have gone away. **as**, for, to tell the truth.

484. **cast your**, etc., *i.e.* so as to allay his passion, as in *Temp.* i. 2. 392, "Allaying both their fury and my passion": the idea is that of casting oil on the troubled waters.

486. **Tug**, *i.e.* one against the other.

487. **deliver**, state to him. **hold**, keep possession of.

490. **A vessel ... by**, a vessel *which* is riding at anchor close by, though not brought there with any such intention as I now have.

492, 3. **Shall nothing ... reporting.** It will not do you any good to know, nor do I care to tell you; *the reporting*, for the reporting.

494. **easier for advice**, more ready to receive it.

496. **hear you**, listen to you, hear what you have to say. **irremoveable**, Staunton takes this as an adverb; cp. above, iii. 2. 188, "damnable ingrateful."

498. **to serve my turn**, to suit my own purposes.

500. **Purchase**, as being something of great value to him.

503. **fraught**, laden with, burdened with, like a ship with its cargo on board. **curious**, needing all care.

505, 6. **You have ... father?** You have heard what in past times I did, actuated by love to your father. He perhaps refers rather to his helping Polixenes to escape from Sicily than to services rendered since, though Florizel in his answer acknowledges these also.

507. **my father's music**, it delights my father, it is like music to his ears.

509. **To have ... thought on.** To reward them in a degree adequate to his appreciation of them.

510. **If you may please**, see Abb. § 309; here *may* is extremely deferential.

512. **embrace ... direction**: accept the advice I give you.

513. **ponderous**, weighty, urgent. **suffer**, brook, allow of.

515. **receiving**, entertainment.

517. **the whom**, see Abb. § 270.

519. **As heavens forfend!** which heaven forbid!

521. **Your discontenting ... liking.** Malone explains: "And where you may, by letters, intreaties, etc., endeavour to soften your incensed father and reconcile him to the match; to effect which my best services shall not be wanting in your absence." Rowe proposed to insert *I'll*, Hanmer, *I will*, before *strive*. Such insertion seems necessary, for one can hardly believe it is Florizel who is to strive to 'qualify' his father's wrath, especially when his answer to Camillo, "May this ... to thee," is taken into consideration. **discontenting**, discontented, but with a stronger sense than we give that word now: in 'bring him up to,' the idea probably is that of screwing an instrument up to a certain pitch. In *Oth.* ii. 1. 202, we have a similar metaphor—

> "O, you are well tuned now,
> But I'll set down the pegs that make this music."

525. **And after ... to thee**, and besides that, etc.

527, 8. **But as ... do**, but as the sudden accident of the discovery made by Polixenes has to answer for what we rashly are about to do, etc. We say "pleaded guilty to the charge," where 'to' means 'in answer to,' but 'guilty *of* murder,' not 'guilty *to* murder'; cp. *C. E.* iii. 2. 168—

> "But, lest myself be guilty *to* self-wrong," etc.

529. **Ourselves ... chance,** "As *chance* has driven me to these extremities, so I commit myself to *chance*, to be conducted through them" (Johnson).

531, 2. **If you will ... flight**, if you are determined not to change your purpose, but to undertake this flight.

537. **opening his ... arms**, opening his arms to embrace her heartily.

538. **ask thee ... person,** asks of thee forgiveness, as though he were asking your father (of whom it was needed).

540-3. **o'er and o'er ... time.** His talk is divided between two subjects, his unkindness formerly shown to your father, and the kindness he now feels towards him and you; the former he banishes with execrations to hell, the latter he desires may grow with a speed greater than that of thought, or of swiftly fleeting time.

544, 5. **What colour ... him?** What pretext shall I make for thus visiting him? There may be an idea of a ship hoisting its colours as a signal.

545. **sent by,** etc., *i.e.* you will pretend that, etc. **comforts,** comfortable assurances.

549. **betwixt ... three,** 'betwixt' should properly refer to two persons or parties only.

550. **point you forth,** indicate to you. **every sitting,** on each occasion that he gives you audience.

552. **but that you have,** *i.e.* that you have not. **bosom,** his inmost thoughts.

554. **some sap,** some life, some virtue; cp. *A. C.* iii. 13. 192, "There 's *sap* in 't yet."

556. **unpath'd,** not before sailed over, or the dangers of which are laid down in no chart.

556, 7. **most certain ... enough,** the only thing certain in your voyage being that you will meet with abundance of troubles.

558. **shake off one,** get free from one misery; Steevens quotes *Cymb* i. 5. 54—

"to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another."

In 'shake off' and 'take' the metaphor is from diseases.

559. **Nothing so certain,** by no means so certain.

559-61. **who do ... to be,** which do their duty most truly when they hold fast on being thrown out, though whenever they are thrown out and do so hold fast, they will only be detaining you where you will be unwilling to stay, all places having become hateful to you.

562-4. **Prosperity ... alters.** Prosperity is the very security of love, the freshness of whose complexion and heart is quickly changed by affliction; Florizel and his answer applies the word 'complexion' literally to the cheek.

566. **take in,** conquer, subdue, as frequent in Shakespeare: cp. the proverb, "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window."

567. **these seven years,** *i.e.* for many years to come; indefinite.

570. **She is i' the rear our birth.** All the folios have, "She is i' th' reare' (or rear') our birth," that is, there is an indication of an elision intended before *our*. Some editors insert the preposition *of* in full, Grant White writing it *'f* only. Even if the preposition be omitted altogether, the ellipse, though somewhat harsh, is intelligible; she is as forward in respect to education and manners, as she is backward in respect to birth compared to me. The antithesis between 'birth' and 'breeding,' between 'forward' and 'rear,' shows that there cannot be much corruption in the text, though the Globe editors obelize the line.

573. **I'll blush you thanks**, I'll pay my thanks in blushes.

574. **the thorns ... upon**, the difficulties we are in.

575. **now of me**, *i.e.* as formerly of my father. **medicine**, to whom our whole family owes its well-being. Delius quotes *Macb.* v. 2. 27—

"Meet we the *medicine* of the sickly weal."

576. **how shall we do?** We should say either, 'What shall we do?' or, 'How shall we act?'

578. **appear in Sicilia.** Staunton would insert *so* before 'Sicilia,' but this seems hardly necessary for the sense. Other editors print the line with a dash after 'Sicilia,' as though Florizel was interrupted in his speech by Camillo.

580. **there**, *i.e.* in Sicily.

581. **appointed**, fitted out, equipped.

581, 2. **as if ... mine.** As if you were playing a part written by me and for which therefore it would be only fair that I should furnish you with the requisite properties.

585. **his sworn brother**, see note on i. 2. 167.

586. **my trumpery**, my worthless goods. Fr. *tromper*, to deceive.

587. **pomander**, "a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck to prevent infection in times of plague" (Grey). **table-book**, tablets, memorandum-book, cp. *Haml.* iii. 2. 136; what Hamlet (i. 5. 6) calls his "tables."

588. **to keep ... fasting**; *i.e.* the stomach of his pack was quite empty.

589. **as if ... hallowed.** An allusion to the relics of saints, etc., believed by Roman Catholics to possess some virtue against disease, etc.

591. **best in picture**, best to look at, *i.e.* fullest.

592. **wants but something**, *i.e.* wits, sense, in order to become a reasonable man.

594. **stir his pettitoes**, move an inch; properly used of the feet of pigs when cut off to be cooked and eaten.

596. **all their ... ears**, they seemed to have lost all their senses but that of hearing.

598. **my sir's song**, my gentleman's, that fine fellow, the clown. **the nothing of it**, its empty nonsense. Staunton says, "It has been suggested that 'nothing' in this place is a misprint for *noting;* but like *moth* for *mote* it is only the old mode of spelling that word."

599. **lethargy**, *i.e.* of all their senses except that of hearing.

600. **festival purses**, purses brought by them to the festival, but probably also with a sarcastic sense, as in 1 *H. IV.* i. 3. 46, we have "*holiday* and lady terms."

601. **whoobub**, outcry, noise; the ordinary modern spelling is 'hubbub,' as *whooping-cough* is sometimes spelt 'hooping-cough.'

602. **my choughs**, these idiots who were as eager after my worthless wares as choughs after chaff. **the whole army**, as we often say, 'the whole host,' but here used for the sake of the word 'alive' as applied to 'purse.'

611. **why, hanging**, *i.e.* that is the mildest punishment I can expect: cp. *Temp.* iii. 2. 40, "if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree!"

615. **here 's nobody ... thee**: nobody here is anxious to take that from you, *i.e.* your poverty.

616, 7. **yet ... exchange**; yet in regard to the outward symbols of your poverty, viz. your dress, we must compel you to make an exchange with us.

617. **discase thee**, undress.

619, 20. **though the ... boot.** Though in the value of the clothes he is already a loser by the bargain, yet here is something in addition for you; saying which Camillo gives him money.

623. **half flayed already**, already half undressed.

628, 9. **Indeed ... earnest.** You have indeed already given me something in advance, but I am almost ashamed to take it; but with a play upon the word as in *C. E.* ii. 3. 23.

631, 2. **let my ... ye!** may the prophecy I have just uttered, viz. 'fortunate mistress!' prove a true one.

634. **pluck it o'er**, pull it over your face as a disguise: so in *J. C.* ii. 1. 73—

> "Their hats are *pluck'd* about their ears
> And half their faces buried in their cloaks."

635, 6. **Dismantle ... seeming**; strip yourself of your holiday garment, and make yourself as unlike yourself as possible.

637. **For I ... over.** This is explained by Grant White to mean

'over-seeing eyes'; some editors insert 'you' after 'over'; Dyce reads 'over 's,' *i.e.* over us.

638. **I see ... past**, I see that, as circumstances are, I must take a part in the play that is being performed.

640. **Have you ... there**? said to Florizel, have you completed the exchange of dresses?

643. **what have ... forgot**! *i.e.* we have forgotten something of importance; they then whisper aside.

647. **prevail to**, *i.e.* as to, compel him to follow in pursuit.

649. **review**, see again; cp. *Sonn.* lxxiv. 5.

650. **a woman's longing**. That eager desire which pregnant women feel for different kinds of food. The phrase seems to have the same meaning as 'a month's mind' in *T. G.* i. 2. 137; cp. above, l. 267. Delius compares *T. C.* iii. 3. 237.

657. **What an exchange ... boot**! even without the money given in addition, this exchange would have been a great bargain.

659. **extempore**, without any previous meditation, design; at a moment's notice.

660. **about a piece**, etc., engaged upon, etc.

661. **clog**, the same uncomplimentary term is applied by Bertram to Helena, *A. W.* ii. 5. 58.

661-3. **if I thought ... do 't**. Malone vainly, as it seems to me, endeavours to justify the old reading, "if I thought it were a piece . . . I would *not* do 't." Steevens, Dyce, and Singer accept Hanmer's transposition.

665. **hot brain**, quick, eager.

666. **session**, sitting of a court of justice, assize. **yields ... work**, yields opportunities for one so industrious in his profession as myself.

668. **what a man ... now**! how absurd you are.

669. **changeling**, see above, iii. 3. 122.

671. **but hear me**, 'me' emphatic.

674. **being none ... blood**, being no blood relation of yours.

676. **let the law go whistle**: you can afford to laugh at the law; much the same as "let her go hang," *Temp.* ii. 2. 56.

681. **to go about**, to have the intention of, etc.

685. **I know how much**. Hanmer inserts *not* after 'know,' which in modern phraseology would be necessary in order to give that indefinite sense which is here intended; so in *H. V.* ii. pr. 18—

> "What mightst thou do, that honour would there do,
> Were all thy children kind and natural,"

we should now say, "What mightst thou *not* do," etc.

686. **puppies**, *i.e.* fools; cp. *Cymb.* i. 2. 22.

687. **fardel**, bundle; in *Haml.* iii. 1. 76, the word is used metaphorically of a burden, load.

690. **my master**, *i.e.* Florizel, whom he has of his own accord adopted as his master.

691. **at palace**, see Abb. § 90.

693. **excrement**, *i.e.* his beard; the word was used of anything that *grew out* of the body, *e.g.* hair, nails of the hand, etc.; frequent in Shakespeare.

697, 8. **condition** ... **fardel**, the nature of it, what it contains.

699. **of what having**, what your property, possessions, cp. *M. W.* iii. 2. 73; *T. N.* iii. 4. 379. **discover**, reveal.

701. **plain fellow**, simple, humble.

703, 4. **and they often** ... **lie.** 'To give a person the lie' is ordinarily to accuse him of lying, and is so used below, v. 2. 144. But the words "let me have no lying" show that here "give us the lie" means "lie to us," and the braggadocio Autolycus certainly would not confess that tradesmen accuse "us soldiers" of lying. In any case Autolycus' play upon the words is the same—that as they were *paid* for giving the lie, they could not strictly speaking be said to *give* the lie. If the order of the words is right here, "not stabbing steel" probably means 'not, *as might be expected of us*, with stabbing steel.' It looks, however, as if the words 'stamped coin' and 'stabbing steel' had been transposed. There is little point in Autolycus' saying that the payment was made in 'stamped coin' not 'stabbing steel,' whereas in his assumed character there would be a point in the boast that tradesmen were requited by "us soldiers" not in the ordinary way, but by being ran through with the sword. Further, 'stamped coin' as an antithesis to 'stabbing steel' seems in itself more likely than 'stabbing steel' as an antithesis to 'stamped coin.' Cp. *Oth.* iii. 4. 1 *et seqq.*, "*Des.* Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies? *Clown.* I dare not say he lies anywhere. *Des.* Why, man? *Clown. He is a soldier, and for me to say a soldier lies, is stabbing,*" *i.e.* is to incur death by stabbing; though here of course the giving the lie is unequivocal.

707. **had like**, were likely to have, etc. Cp. *H. V.* i. 1. 3.

707, 8. **if you** ... **manner.** "To be taken with the manner" is a law-term meaning 'to be caught in the fact'; and is used by Shakespeare elsewhere. But the clown's words are by no means clear. He would scarcely dare to charge Autolycus with having been about to lie to them if he had not caught himself in the act. "To have given us one" must therefore mean 'to have charged us with lying,' and "if you .. manner" *may* mean, 'if you had not arrested yourself in the act of doing so, and taken

the sting out of the "lie direct" by the remainder of your speech.'

709. **an 't like you**, if you please to tell us.

711. **enfoldings**, garments, an affectation used in order to impress his simple hearers.

712. **measure** ... **court**, the stately motion of those who live at court.

714. **insinuate or toaze**, 'toaze,' 'toze,' and 'touse' (*M. M.* v. 313) seem to be only varieties of 'tease,' to card or comb wool; do you think because I wind myself into your business or pluck it from you that, etc.

716. **cap-a-pe**, from head to foot. **push on or** ... **back**, advance or hinder; the whole speech is worthy of Armado, or Touchstone in his interview with William.

722. **court-word** ... **pheasant**, Malone would read 'present'; and it seems more likely that the old shepherd should have misheard the word than that the clown should have so interpreted 'advocate.' According to Steevens the clown supposes his father, as being a suitor from the country, should have brought a present of *game*, a form of bribery which Reed says was commonly employed. He refers to 'a recent instance,' which he thinks Shakespeare may have had in his mind, and he remarks: "In the time of Queen Elizabeth there were Justices of the Peace called *Basket Justices*, who would do nothing without a present; yet, as a member of the House of Commons expressed himself, 'for half a dozen of chickens would dispense with a whole dozen of statutes.'"

729. **handsomely**, gracefully. "The poet's memory," observes Singer, "makes another slip here. Florizel had been dressed as a shepherd, yet Autolycus, with whom he has changed clothes, is now dressed as a courtier."

732. **I know by** ... **teeth**. Cp. *K. J.* i. 190. Toothpicks were introduced from the continent, and were regarded as one of the marks of a travelled man of fashion.

735. **Sir, there lies** ... **which**. For "lies," see Abb. § 335; and for "such ... which," *id.* 278.

738. **Age**, *i.e.* old man, abstract for concrete.

744. **should have**, was to, see Abb. § 324.

746. **hand-fast**. "In custody (properly, in *mainprize*, in the custody of a friend on security given for appearance)" (Dyce, *Gloss. s.v.*).

751, 2. **germane** ... **times**, related to him however remote the relationship; once, twice, etc., removed, is the technical language for different degrees of kinship.

753-5. **An old ... grace!** To think that an old wretch of a shepherd should have the presumption to dream of making such a grand marriage! **sheep-whistling**, who tends sheep, though it is the dogs not the sheep that obey the call of the whistle.

756, 7. **draw ... sheepcote!** To think of his having plotted to unite the throne with the sheep-cote, to make the king and the shepherd kindred! **our throne**, he speaks as if he were nearly connected with sovereignty.

758, 9. **Has the old ... sir?** Said in order to ascertain what punishment awaited himself.

760. **'nointed over with honey.** Reed quotes from *The Stage of Popish Toyes*,—a book which he thinks Shakespeare may have seen,—the account of a punishment of this kind.

761. **then stand**, Capell would read *there* for *then*.

762. **three quarters ... dead**, this minute particularity is of course intended to strike terror into the hearts of his hearers.

764. **prognostication**, *i.e.* the almanac. "Almanacks were in Shakespeare's time published under this title: 'An Almanack and *Prognostication* made of the year of our Lord, 1595'" (Malone).

766. **he is to behold him**, where the sun will beat upon him from the south and behold him being befouled by the flies till he expires; *is to behold*, he speaks as if it had all been settled upon beforehand; for 'blown' in this sense, cp. *A. C.* v. 2. 60—

> "rather on Nilus' mud
> Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
> *Blow* me into abhorring,"

and, metaphorically, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 499.

769, 70. **what have ... king**, what business with him.

770. **being ... considered**, if you make me a suitable present; Steevens quotes *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584—

> "Sure, sir, I'll *consider* it hereafter if I can.
> What *consider* me? dost thou think I am *a bribe taker?*"

And so with a pun, *Cymb.* ii. 3. 32. The substantive *consideration* is still in use in the same sense, and we say 'for a consideration,' 'for a valuable consideration.'

771. **tender your persons**, offer, present, your persons, *i.e.* introduce you; 'tender' in the sense of 'offer' is very frequent in Shakespeare.

774. **close with him**, accept his offer.

775. **and though**, 'and' = even, see Abb. § 105.

776. **led by the nose**, gulled, but also with a reference to the way in which bears were led.

777. **no more ado**, make no more fuss about it, don't hesitate.

784. **moiety**, here in its literal sense, half; Lat. *medietas*.

786. **though my case**, etc. 'Case' is used first in the sense of position, circumstances, and secondly for body: Delius quotes a similar pun in *R. J.* iv. 5. 99.

788. **O, that 's**, etc. Autolycus still pretends not to know who the clown is, and says, 'O, that 's only what is to be done to the clown, don't bother yourself about his fate.'

790. **Comfort, good comfort!** May we have good comfort. Dyce marks this as an 'aside' to the shepherd. The clown may perhaps also mean that it is a pretty kind of comfort that Autolycus offers them.

792. **we are ... else**, otherwise our fate is sealed.

799. **even blest**, *i.e.* that is not too strong a word to use.

800, 1. **he was .. good**, Providence sent him to help us.

804. **courted**, *i.e.* by Fortune, who seems to be in love with me.

807. **turn back .. advancement**, in return for my doing the prince good, I shall probably derive advantage myself; 'turn back' is used for the sake of the antithesis with 'advancement.'

808. **aboard him**, aboard the ship on which he is. **to shore them again**, to land them, put them on shore, again.

809. **concerns him nothing**, is of no importance to him.

811. **else belongs**, and also what shame belongs to the title.

812. **matter in it**, something important, or of advantage, may result from it.

ACT V. SCENE I.

6. **with them**, like them.

8. **My ... them**, my faults in regard to them.

9. **The wrong**, the injury.

11, 2. **the sweet'st ... of**, the sweetest companion to whom ever man owed all the hopes he had; not, I think, *primarily* of begetting children, though there may be an allusion to the word 'heirless' in l. 10.

14. **took something good**, cp. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 157-60—

> "Thus Rosalind of many parts
> By heavenly synod was devised,
> Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
> To have the touches dearest prized."

18, 9. **it is as bitter ... thought.** The word 'kill'd' comes to me with as bitter pain from your mouth as the thought in my mind that I did kill her. **good**, see Abb. § 13.

20. **Not at all**, *i.e.* never say it.

21, 3. **that would** ... **better**, which would have been more suitable to the time and exhibited your kindness more gracefully.

25, 6. **nor the** . **name**, the perpetuation of his name in the person of an heir.

27. **fail**, failure, want, as above, ii. 3. 170, though in a different sense. It is the word Shakespeare always uses, 'failure' being "a late and bad coinage" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict. s.v.*).

28, 9. **May drop** ... **on**, may fall (like a pestilence) and destroy the bystanders, who will not know what to do, who will be paralysed by the anarchy likely to ensue. Schmidt explains 'incertain' by "indifferent, not taking measures to prevent the calamity"; but how they could be said to be 'indifferent' to the dangers, or in what way they could 'take measures to prevent the calamity,' I do not understand.

30. **is well**, is at rest, happy in another world; a euphemism frequent in Shakespeare, *e.g. R. J.* v. 1. 17, *A. C.* ii. 5. 33.

31. **royalty's repair**, the renovation of royalty; cp. *Sonn.* iii. 2-4—

> "Now is the time that face should form another,
> Whose fresh *repair* if now thou not renewest,
> Thou dost beguile the world," etc.

35. **respecting** ... **gone**, looking back to her who is gone.

36. **will** ... **fulfilled**, are determined that their secret purposes shall be fulfilled.

39. **which**, etc., *i.e.* and that it shall be found is as, etc.

40. **As my Antigonus**, *i.e.* as *for* my, etc. See Abb. § 354.

41. **on my life**, a petty oath.

46. **oppose against**, we should say either 'go against,' or 'oppose.'

48. **to his successor**, in that way his successor was likely, etc.

52. **had squared** ... **counsel**! had acted in accordance with.

54. **taken treasure**, *i.e.* kissed her; cp. *Cymb.* iii. 4. 163.

55. **more rich** ... **yielded**, *i.e.* by the kisses he gave her. **thou speak'st truth**, not in the words she had just uttered, but in what she had said in the former speech, ll. 34-49.

56. **no more** .. **wives**, there are no more wives like her to be found in the world, and therefore I will have no wife at all.

59, 60. **where we** ... **to me.** The reading of the folios, "Where we offendors now appeare" is unintelligible. The three simplest and most satisfactory emendations are (1) Theobald's ("Where we offend *her* now) appear," etc.; (2) Knight's ("Where we offenders now appear,") etc.; (3) (Where we offend her) *new*

appear, etc. In (2) there is of course an ellipse, though not a harsh one.

60. **Why to me?** Why do you show to me a successor to my rights, and one whom you treat better than you treated me?

61. **she had**, she would have.

incense, provoke, incite, as frequent in Shakespeare.

64. **what dull ... in 't**, what you saw in an eye so dull (compared to mine) to admire.

65, 6. **that even ... me**, that even ears like yours, so insensate, unfeeling, should be split by my words:

rift, intrans., used trans. in *Temp.* v. 45. The more usual form *rive* is also used by Shakespeare in both senses.

67. **mine**, *i.e.* my eye.

68. **Fear ... wife**, do not be afraid of my taking any wife.

75. **affront**, confront, meet, as several times in Shakespeare.

76. **if my ... marry**, is determined after all to marry.

77. **No remedy ... will**, nothing being able to stop you doing so.

80. **As, walk'd ... ghost**, as if your first wife's ghost appeared on earth, it, etc.

88. **What with him?** This seems to mean, 'What brings him here?' though it may merely mean, 'How is he accompanied?'

89. **Like to ... greatness**, in a manner worthy of a king's son.

90. **So ... circumstance.** Schmidt explains, "without ceremony."

91. **framed**, designed, premeditated.

94. **piece**, see above, iv. 3. 433.

97. **above a ... gone**, as being superior to a better time that is past.

97, 8. **so must ... now!** So must you, now that you are dead, endure to be depreciated in comparison with what is living.

99. **so**, referring to the words, "She had ... equall'd."

100. **is colder ... theme**, "*i.e.* than the lifeless body of Hermione, the *theme* or *subject* of your writing" (Malone).

102, 3. **'tis shrewdly ... better.** It shows a complete turn of the tide when you say you have, etc. For *shrewd*, see Craik, *English of Shakespeare*, 186.

105, 6. **when she ... too**, when your eye has beheld her, your tongue will sing her praises.

107. **would she**, etc., if she should.

109. **Of who ... follow.** Whether we read 'who,' or accept Hanmer's alteration, 'whom,' the meaning is 'of those whom

she,' etc. **not women**? Surely you do not mean that women would be her proselytes?

110. **that she is**, for being.

113, 4. **assisted** ... **embracement**, accompanied by your honoured friends, go and conduct the prince and princess to our welcoming presence.

117. **seen this hour**, lived till now.

119. **cease**, some editors omit this word, and Lettsom believes there is 'a jumble' between 'Prythee, no more,' and 'I prythee cease.'

120. **He dies** ... **of**, when his name is mentioned, all the bitter sorrow I felt at his death is revived in me.

121-3. **My speeches** ... **reason**. Your comparison between him and my dead son will fill me with thoughts that may overpower my self-command, make me give way to unreasonable emotion.

125, 6. **For she** ... **you**; for this metaphor, cp. *Sonn.* xi. 14—

> "She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby
> Thou should'st print more, nor let that *copy* die."

Schmidt refers also to ii. 3. 98, above.

127. **is so hit in you**, is so exactly hit off in you, as we should now say, though the metaphor is of hitting a mark.

129. **speak of something**, etc. Cp. i. 2. 61.

136-8. **whom** ... **him**. For the supplementary pronoun, see Abb. 249; although my life is burdened with woe, still I desire that it may be prolonged so that I may once more see, etc.

140. **at friend**, see Abb. § 143.

141-2. **and, but** ... **you**; and if it had not been that infirmity, which is an attendant upon age, had to some extent seized upon and hindered that strength which he so much desired, he would have crossed the lands and seas that lie between your country and his to visit you; for 'measured,' cp. *Temp.* ii. 1. 259.

149-51. **and there** .. **slackness**. And these acts of good will on your part, of such rare kindness, only make clear to me the remissness of my behaviour in not having before confessed my fault and asked your pardon.

153. **paragon**, "a model of excellence . . . A singular word, owing its origin to two prepositions united in a phrase.—Span. *para, con*, in comparison with; in such phrases as *para con migo*, in comparison with me, *para con el*, in comparison with him.—Span. *para*, for, to, towards, which is itself a compound prep. answering to O. Span. *pora*, from Lat. *pro, ad* (see Diez); and *con*, with, from Lat. *cum*, with. Thus it is really equivalent to the three Lat. prepositions *pro, ad, cum*" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict. s. v.*)

155, 6. **not worth ... person?** not worth the trouble of the journey, much less the risk of her life.

159, 60. **whose daughter ... her**; whom his tears (*i.e.* the sincerity of his grief) when he was parting from her, showed beyond all doubt to be his daughter.

161. **friendly**, being friendly, favourable; see Abb. § 380.

163. **For visiting**, to visit. **my best train**, the best part of my retinue.

165. **who**, etc., and they are now on their way.

170. **Do climate here**, remain under our skies. **holy**, pure-hearted. **graceful**, full of all the virtues that become a man.

173. **taking ... note**, wrathfully bearing in mind.

174. **and**, while on the other hand.

179, 80. **will bear .. were not**, we should say 'would'—'were,' but Shakespeare has elsewhere the same sequence of tenses, *e.g.* 2 *H. VI.* ii. 4. 98—

> "And that *I'll* prove on better men than Somerset,
> *Were* growing time once ripen'd to my will."

See Abb. § 371.

180. **so nigh**, so near at hand, so soon to be produced.

182. **attach**, lay hands upon.

183. **His dignity ... off**, having thrown off his dignity as a prince and his duty as a son.

184. **his hopes**, those hopes which he had as a prince of coming to the throne.

187, 8. **I speak ... message**. I speak in a confused way, but it, my manner of speech, is in keeping with the astonishment I feel, and the message I bring.

192. **having both**, they having both, etc.

195. **Endured all weathers**, been proof against all attacks. **Lay ... charge**, tell him so plainly, for you will have the opportunity in a few minutes.

198. **Has there ... question**, is now in conversation with the shepherd and his son.

202. **with divers ... death**. With all manner of tortures, each sufficient to cause death.

204. **Our contract celebrated**, it had already been once interrupted, and she fears that the heavens are determined it shall never be ratified.

205. **we are not ... alike**. We are not married, nor are we even likely to be so; the stars will descend from their place in the sky and kiss the valleys sooner than fate will allow our marriage-contract to be complete. The chances of good luck are the same

for the high-born as for the humble, *i.e.* the fact of my being a king's son does not necessarily cause fortune to favour me. Shakespeare uses the word *odds* both as a singular and as a plural, the former more often, and this seems to have been the more general practice with Elizabethan writers. Nowadays we say, 'What are the odds?' 'The odds are in his favour;' 'Those are very heavy odds to give;" but only in slang, 'What's the odds?' and certainly never, "'Tis a fearful odds," as in *H. V.* iv. 3. 5, cp. *L. L. L.* i. 2. 183, *J. C.* iv. 5. 265. The use of the word as a singular possibly arose from its having the sense of *an irregularity.*

209. **when once ... wife.** She will be the daughter of a king when she is married to me; of course, strictly speaking, only daughter-in-law. In *M. A.* iii. 1. 100, 1, there is a somewhat similar equivocation.

210, 1. **That once ... slowly.** Your father's swiftness in following you up will delay that day for a long time, *i.e.* for ever.

214. **worth**, here = high birth.

215. **that you ... her.** So that you might with all propriety take her to wife. **look up**, see above, iv. 3. 491.

216. **visible an enemy**, who is so clearly hostile to us, cp. iii. 2. 188, iv. 3. 518, **with my father**, together with, as well as.

219. **owed ... time**, were no greater a debtor in point of years, *i.e.* were no older: see Abb. § 132.

222. **as trifles**, as though they were trifles.

225. **Your eye .. in't.** You look upon her too much with the admiration of youth, without that judgment you should have at your time of life. **such gazes**, such admiring looks.

228. **But your**, etc. But I have forgotten in looking at her to answer the request you made.

230. **Your honour ... desires.** Provided that your desires are not such as would ruin your honour, I, etc.

233. **mark what ... make**, see what effect my pleading may have upon him and act accordingly.

SCENE II.

1. **This relation**, the narration of this story.

4. **after a ... amazedness**, *i.e.* at first the king and Camillo were so amazed at the story that no notice was taken of us, but after a little time we were all ordered to leave the room.

8. **broken delivery**, disconnected.

9, 10. **were very ... admiration**, betokened the greatest astonishment.

11. **cases**, sockets.

14-7. **a notable ... needs be**; they were evidently strongly moved by wonder, but no one, however wise, without further guide than his eye, could tell whether their behaviour imported, indicated, joy or sorrow, though it was evident that one of these two feelings had been excited in the strongest degree possible.

22, 3. **that balladmakers .. it.** That even the ingenuity of balladmakers would find it difficult graphically to relate the circumstances.

26. **so like an old tale**, some fabulous story; cp. below, v. 3. 116.

28, 9. **if ever ... circumstances.** Delius and Schmidt explain 'pregnant' by 'clear, evident'; but this does not give the full force of the metaphor, *i.e.* if ever truth was with child by reality; possibly with a reference to the words "he can *deliver* you more," the steward acting in this matter as midwife.

33. **the majesty ... mother**, the dignity in which the child is the very image of her mother.

34. **affection of nobleness**, the natural instinct of nobleness so much above what could be expected of her bringing up.

40. **cannot be spoken of**, which no words could worthily describe.

41, 2. **that it seemed ... of them**, the various successive phases of joy were so exquisite that it seemed from their tears as if sorrow wept at having to part with them. Ritson points out that "so and in such manner" is a piece of legal tautology.

44. **distraction**, ecstasy: if 'countenance' is to be retained, it may either be taken as in reality plural, there being other examples in Shakespeare of nouns in *-ce* having such form for their plural; or as the abstract for the concrete.

44, 5. **they were ... favour.** That the different actors in the sense could be distinguished from one another by their dresses only, not by their looks; *favour* for features, looks, is frequent in Shakespeare.

46. **joy of ... daughter**, joy derived from the finding of his daughter.

46, 7. **as if that ... loss**, as if that joy were now turned into sorrow by the reminiscences it called up.

49. **clipping her**, embracing her; frequent in Shakespeare.

50. **which**, see Abb. § 265.

51. **weather-bitten**, eaten away, corroded by changes of temperature, storms, etc. We have the same metaphor in *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 177, "Thy tooth is not so keen," said of the winter wind. For 'conduit' in this sense, cp. *R. J.* iii. 5.

53. **undoes ... do it**, beggars description to portray it. *Do it*

has been very unnecessarily altered to 'draw it,' 'show it,' the word being here used in antithesis to 'undoes it' in another sense. Delius compares *M. V.* iii. 2. 124, where "to *do* them" = to paint them.

56. **which will ... open.** Like one of those old fabulous stories which are always ready to be rehearsed by gossips even though no one will believe them, or even listen to them. **still**, referring to the former strange story. **matter**, some occurrence.

58. **with a bear**, cp. *M. A.* v. 1. 116, "our two noses snapped off *with* two old men"; and see Abb. § 193.

60. **to justify**, to corroborate his tale.

66. **it was found**, *i.e.* by the old shepherd. **lost**, *i.e.* at sea.

67-9. **She had one ... fulfilled**; Delius compares *Haml.* i. 2. 11, "With one auspicious, and one dropping eye."

71. **of losing**, *i.e.* of being lost.

75, 6. **caught ... fish**, *i.e.* not as usual the fish, but only the water.

76, 7. **when ... how**, see Abb. § 415. Delius compares *Haml.* v. 1. 280, "wonder-*wounded* hearers."

77. **bravely confessed**, with a noble straightforwardness.

78. **how attentiveness ... daughter**, how, as she listened attentively to her father's story, her heart was wrung.

79. **from one sign**, etc., passing from one manifestation of grief to another. **with an 'Alas,'** with the utterance of the one word Alas!

80. **I would fain say**, literally gladly say, here, I might almost say.

81. **Who was ... marble**, the most hard-hearted of those present; cp. below, v. 3. 37—

> "Does not the stone rebuke me
> For being more stone than it?"

86, 7. **a piece ... performed.** This seems to mean, 'a piece of work (*i.e.* a statue) which has been long in execution and has only recently been *completed* by being painted, in order to make the resemblance to life more perfect'; *performed* would thus have its radical sense of 'done thoroughly.'

88. **Julio Romano**, a famous Italian painter, born A.D. 1492, died A.D. 1546. **eternity**, immortality.

89. **custom**, trade.

90. **ape**, imitator. Singer summarizes the remarks of the commentators:—"It should seem that a painted statue was no singularity in that age; Ben Jonson, in his Magnetic Lady, makes it a reflection on the bad taste of the City—

'*Rut.* I'd have her statue cut now in white marble.
Sr. Moth. And have it *painted in most orient colours.*
Rut. That's right! *all city statues must be painted,*
Else they be worth nought in their subtle judgment.'

Sir Henry Wotton, who had travelled much, calls it an *English barbarism.* The arts of sculpture and painting were certainly with us in a barbarous state compared with the progress which they had made elsewhere. But painted statues were known to the Greeks, as appears from the accounts of Pausanias and Herodotus." Shakespeare's own bust in the chancel of Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon, was originally coloured, "the eyes being a light hazel, and the hair and beard auburn. In 1743 it was repainted, and the old colours were faithfully preserved; but in 1793 Malone caused the whole bust to be whitewashed by some common house-painter" (Wise, *Shakspere, His Birthplace,* etc.). The practice of tinting statues was recently revived in the tinted Venus of Gibson.

90. **done**, see note on l. 63 above. **one would**, a man would be likely to do so.

96. **removed house**, far away from the palace.

97. **piece the rejoicing**, make complete; in this sense more commonly with *out*, as in *H. V.* i. pr. 23—

"*Piece out* our imperfections with your thoughts."

99. **every wink** ... **born**: every moment will give birth to some new and gracious occurrence.

100. **unthrifty** ... **knowledge**, wanting in proper industry in behalf of our knowledge; carelessly omitting to store up what we might for our knowledge. **Let's along**, let us go along; for omission of verb, see Abb.

102. **a dash**, a spice, a slight mixture; cp. above, iii. 2. 125.

103. **drop on my head**, *i.e.* without my having to seek it.

106. **so he then**, etc., *i.e.* I say 'shepherd's daughter,' *for* so he, etc.

110. **it would** ... **discredits.** If I had found out this secret and been the first to communicate it, my doing so would not have found favour in their eyes in the midst of my many and notorious evil doings.

112. **and already** ... **fortune**, and who already in their dress (see below, l. 141, "See you these clothes?") bear evident marks of the good fortune which has befallen them; cp. *H. VIII.* iii. 2. 352-4—

"This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him."

113. **moe.** According to Skeat, the distinction between *mo* (or *moe*) and *more* is that, as a rule, *mo* referred to number, *moe* to size. Wright, *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 243 [278], says the distinction appears to be that *mo* or (moe) is used only with the plural, or words involving a plural sense, *more* with both singular and plural.

114. **you are met,** we are lucky in meeting you. **Denied,** refused.

118. **you were best,** see Abb. §§ 230, 352. **are not** ... **born,** do not plainly show their noble origin.

122. **any time** ... **hours,** for the last four hours at least.

131. **preposterous,** for 'prosperous.'

144. **franklins.** "*Franklin* is a *freeholder*, or *yeoman*, a man above a *villain*, but not a *gentleman*" (Johnson).

149. **tall fellow** ... **hands,** stout, brave. For illustrations of this phrase in Shakespeare, see Schmidt, *Lex. s.v.* Heywood, in 2 *Edward IV.*, even writes "As *tall a skillful* navigator tried," and Chapman, *All Fools*, iii. 1, speaks of "superannuated bachelors, or some that were *scarce men of their hands.*"

153, 4. **if I do not** ... **me not.** I assure you it astonishes me immensely that you not being a tall fellow should venture to be drunk.

157. **we 'll be** ... **masters.** "The Clown conceits himself already a man of consequence at court. It was the fashion for an inferior, or suitor, to beg of the great man, after his humble commendations, that he would be *good master* to him. Thus Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, when in prison, in a letter to Cromwell to relieve his want of clothing: 'Furthermore, I beseeche you to be *gode master* unto one in my necessities'" (Whalley).

SCENE III.

1, 2. **the great** ... **thee!** How great has been the comfort I have received at your hands.

4. **paid home,** thoroughly paid; 'home' as an adverb.

7, 8. **which never** ... **answer,** which my life, however long, can never requite.

9. **We honour** ... **trouble.** You speak of the honour we do you, but that honour is one that brings trouble with it; cp. *Mach.* i. 6. 12-4—

> "Herein I teach you
> How you shall bid God 'ild you for your pains;
> And thank us for *your trouble.*"

11, 2. **not without** ... **singularities,** not without great admiration of the many rare works of art it contains.

19. **as lively mocked**, imitated to the life as perfectly as sleep imitates death; cp. above, v. 2. 108, "would beguile Nature of her custom, *so perfectly he is her ape.*"

21, 2. **it the more ... wonder**, it proves your astonishment more strongly than the strongest words.

23. **Comes ... near?** Is it not a fairly good likeness?

25, 6. **or rather ... chiding**, or rather I should say your likeness to her is shown in your *not* chiding me, for, etc.

32. **As she ... now.** As she would if she were living now.

32-4. **As now ... soul.** Which she might have done (*i.e.* have lived), and been to me as great a source of comfort now in living as in being dead she is a source of anguish.

35. **life of majesty**, in all the majesty of warm life, so different from that cold majesty it now displays.

38. **For being ... it?** Cp. above, v. 2. 97, 8, "Who were most marble," etc.

40. **My evils ... remembrance**, brought back so vividly my evil deeds.

42. **standing ... thee**, now herself more like stone than flesh and blood.

45. **where I ... began**, at the very point of time at which I began to live.

46. **O, patience!** "stay awhile, be not so eager" (Johnson).

47. **the colour's**, Walker would read 'colours.'

49. **too sore laid on**, too thickly laid on; the metaphor seems to be from the laying on of colours.

54-6. **Let him ... himself.** Let him (*i.e.* myself) who was, though unintentionally, the cause of this, have the power by his sympathy to divert upon himself so much of the grief as he may justly make his own. Schmidt strangely explains, *piece up* as = 'hoard up so as to have his fill.'

57-9. **If I had ... it.** If I had thought that the sight of my statue,—I say *my* statue, for it is *mine*,—would have had such a powerful effect in agitating you, I would not, etc. **wrought**, worked upon you; cp. *Oth.* v. 2. 345. **poor image**, the statue to which I never attached so much importance.

62. **Would I ... already.** Staunton has proved by numerous instances—if it were necessary to prove what seems so clear—that "would I were dead," etc., is merely a form of imprecation equivalent to 'May I die, if I do not think it moves *already*.' His note is in answer to the interpolation by Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector—

> "but that methinks already
> *I am but dead, stone looking upon stone,*"

an interpolation that one would have thought it was not necessary to consider seriously. Of course after "already"—there is an aposiopesis, Leontes' feelings being too much for him.

65. **What was**, etc., 'what' for 'who,' but less definite. **masterly**, in a masterly manner, see Abb. § 447.

67. **The fixure ... in 't.** Though the eye, as the eye of a statue, is necessarily fixed, yet it seems to have motion; Malone quotes *Sonnet* civ. 12—

> "So your sweet hue, which methinks *still doth stand,*
> *Hath motion,* and mine eye may be deceived."

mocked, deceived, misled.

69. **transported**, carried out of himself, ravished with wonder.

72, 3. **No settled ... madness.** No sanity however perfect could rival in its sweetness such insanity.

74. **Let 't alone.** Let it be as it is; do not draw the curtain, as you threaten.

75. **afflict you further**, I could distress, agitate you still further.

78, 9. **What fine ... breath?** a question of appeal equivalent to, 'No chisel, however fine, could so cut marble as to represent breath.' **mock me**, laugh at me, for I am determined to kiss her.

86. **presently**, at once. **resolve you**, be prepared for.

87. **can behold it**, can endure to behold it.

94, 5. **His ... faith.** I call upon you to arouse to the utmost your powers of belief.

96. **Or**, this, Hanmer's reading, is usually accepted for *on* as given by the folios; Pope proposed *and.* If, with the Camb. Edd., *on* be retained, the meaning will be, 'Forward.'

100. **strike ... marvel**, strike with wonder all who look on. See above, iv. 3.

102, 3. **Bequeath ... you.** Leave to death that numbness which you have simulated up to this moment, for the dear life, to which you now return in your reconciliation with your husband, redeems you from death.

105. **my ... lawful.** She had before expressed an apprehension lest they should think she was assisted by the powers of evil, and she now, in the same spirit, points out that her spell, unlike those of magicians in general, is a lawful one.

107. **You kill her double**, by shunning her now you will kill her a second time.

109. **Is she ... suitor?** Is she to make the first advances by offering her hand?

113. **If she ... life**, if she has relationship with life; if she and life have anything to do with each other.

116. **should** ... **at**, *i.e.* the telling would be, etc. **an old tale**. See above, v. 2. 30.

119. **Please** ... **madam**: be pleased to come and stand between Hermione and Leontes: *madam* is generally and more properly used of a married woman.

121. **Our Perdita**, the Perdita who was so dear to us.

121, 3. **You gods** ... **head**! Steevens compares *Temp.* v. 202—

"Look down, you gods
And on this couple drop a blessed crown."

126. **Knowing by Paulina**, hearing from Paulina.

127, 8. **have preserved** ... **issue**, have endeavoured to live, in order that I might see what would be the outcome, fulfilment of the oracle.

128, 30. **There's** ... **relation**. There will be time enough for that hereafter; for if you begin to listen to that story, all the rest may wish, the impulse being once given, to weary you with similar stories.

131. **You precious** ... **all**. "You who by this discovery have *gained* what you desired, may join in festivity, in which I who have lost what can never be recovered, can have no part" (Johnson).

132. **partake**, communicate; cp. *Per.* i. 1. 153.

135. **title** ... **lost**, till I pass away in death.

137. **thou shouldest**, you are bound to.

138, 9. **this is** ... **vows**. This is an agreement made between us, and ratified by oath.

139. **is questioned**, is what I must extract from you by questions.

140. **many a**. See Abb. § 85.

144. **whose**, referring to Camillo. **justified**, certified.

147. **what!** ... **brother**. "This unfolds a charming and delicate trait of action in Hermione; remembering how sixteen sad years agone her innocent freedom with Polixenes had been misconstrued, and keenly sensible, even amidst the joy of her present restoration to child and husband, of the bitter penalty they had involved, she now turns from him, when they meet, with feelings of mingled modesty and apprehension" (Staunton).

147, 9. **both you** ... **suspicion**. I ask pardon from both of you that I should ever have allowed my evil suspicions to fall upon your chaste looks.

150. **heavens directing**, heaven having wished it.

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